

The TREASURE CHEST OF LITERATURE



FOURTH YEAR · FIRST HALF ·

Florence Mitchell





“ON ARBOR DAY” (page 108)

THE TREASURE CHEST OF LITERATURE

FOR
FOURTH YEAR — FIRST HALF

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PREFACE

THIS book is designed to fit the new Course of Study in Literature for New York City schools. This Course of Study has attracted the attention of educators throughout the country for the reason that recognized literary material is made the subject matter of the reading text. The following paragraphs are quoted from the Course of Study:

“‘Literature is a means of lifting the curtain upon human experience in all lands and ages.’ — Bobbitt.

“Through literature, the stage of life is set before the child and his own experiences are deepened and broadened by sharing the experiences of others. Furthermore, literature offers abundant opportunities for making childhood joyful. It is, therefore, the right of every child to know the best literature within his comprehension. By leading him to know and appreciate his literary heritage, the school exerts upon the child’s life a beneficent influence which will abide with him to the end of his days.”

The editors have endeavored to carry out the aims set forth in this syllabus and believe that this reader is admirably suited for every child in the fourth-year grade of any school.

We are indebted to the following teachers who have given unstintingly of their time and energy to try out some of these lessons in their classrooms, and who, by their encouragement and helpful suggestions, have made these readers possible: Miss Margaret Boyer, Miss Mary Brady, Mrs. Grace Fessenden, Mrs. Sadie F. Halperin, Miss Sophie Hochstein, Mr. John L. Kuhn, Miss Loretta G. Law, Miss Veronica Rigney, Mr. Herman Schreiber, Miss Madeleine Taylor, and Mr. Harry Winston.

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THE TREASURE CHEST OF LITERATURE



INTRODUCTION

1. PROSE

AIM

The prose selections in this book have been chosen with the object of realizing, to the fullest extent possible in the intermediate grades, the chief aim of the Course of Study in Literature; namely, the making of the story-hour an eagerly anticipated period; of the reading habit, a vital part of the life of the child; and of life itself, a richer experience through acquaintance with the best that literature affords.

Selection of material. The prose selections in nearly every instance have been chosen from the Course of Study in Literature for New York City. The inclusion of other material, where such is found, is justified by the fact that the Course of Study sanctions the use of suitable material not specifically mentioned in the syllabus. In order that children may learn to appreciate and enjoy current literature as well as classical, the editors have endeavored to maintain a proper balance between both types. The character of the selections is sufficiently varied to appeal to the tastes and preferences of all.

The teacher's appreciation of literature. To make the reading period the most delightful of the school day,

the teacher must herself appreciate the best in literature. To be an inspirer, she must appreciate the beautiful sentiments, the lofty ideals, or the laughter-provoking situations in the stories to be read or told.

METHODOLOGY

Aim in the intermediate grades. So far as methodology is concerned, the selections have been so treated as to make possible the attainment of the reading objectives for the intermediate grades.

As appreciation depends upon understanding, thought-getting as a general aim has been kept clearly in mind. In the primary grades children have been learning to read. In the intermediate grades they are reading to learn.

The aims of reading instruction in the intermediate grades have been well stated in the *Twenty-Fourth Yearbook of the National Society for the Study of Education*, Part I, page 56. Stated briefly they are:

“1. To provide rich and varied experiences in practically every field of thought and activity for which pupils are prepared.

“2. To encourage the development of interest in entertaining, instructive, and worth-while reading.

“3. To improve and refine the habits of recognition in both oral and silent reading.

“4. To improve the quality of oral interpretation and develop standards for use in oral reading situations.

“5. To provide systematic instruction in the economical and skillful use of books.”

To accomplish these aims, the proper mood must be

created through motivation; and mechanical difficulties, such as words unfamiliar either in pronunciation or in meaning, must be cleared away. The importance of silent reading before oral cannot be stressed too much, and here the teacher's preparation is of paramount importance. She must have an intimate acquaintance with the story in advance of the pupils, in order to frame the questions which will direct the child's efforts toward the most economical mastery of the story. This book materially assists the teacher in this direction.

Audience situation. Before any oral reading at all is permitted, the teacher must be sure that she has provided the "audience motive" for such rendition. This presupposes a person or group interested in hearing certain material to be read, and a reader who is in possession of the material. This situation, too, is vital in securing certain social values. Too often the teacher has her mind fixed only on the speaker or reader and neglects opportunities to teach the need of respectful, courteous attention. Equally important is the need of maintaining the interest at a point where the pupils will spontaneously ask questions about the matter read and offer constructive suggestions for improvement.

Selections may be read orally to bring out differences in interpretation, as an aid in the creation of a desired mood, or for a display of elocutionary powers, as a preliminary for a proposed dramatization.

Reproduction as a test of comprehension. Then, too, the teacher will feel the need for some form of reproduction of the story, either to leave a unified impression or to increase the ability to tell stories from outlines or

without such aid. The application step of the reading process may take the form of suggestions for other selections of a similar character so as to foster a permanent interest in literature.

STORY-TELLING

Importance. Story-telling is an art that all teachers should cultivate because of the important part it plays in the development in the child of a love for good literature.

While story-telling should form an integral part of the work in all grades, it should be especially stressed in the early and middle years of the school life of the child.

Aim and method. As the aim of story-telling is mainly enjoyment, the teacher's method should be informal in order to get the best results. Following are a few suggestions which may be helpful to teachers who have had little experience in this delightful art.

SUGGESTIONS TO THE STORY-TELLER

1. *Select a story suitable to be told.* The style of a story to be told is essentially different from that of one which is simply to be read. To catch the child's fancy, the story-teller must select tales which contain swift action and dramatic moments.

Teachers know from the experience they have had in searching for such stories that they are difficult to find. It is often necessary to rewrite, to shorten, or to adapt stories to make them suitable for story-telling.

In this book you will find many stories which have been included because they have the characteristics that make them suitable for *telling*.

2. *Be sure that you take your story-telling seriously.* Children take your story-telling seriously. If you, too, cannot do this, it will be impossible for you to enter into the spirit of the story-telling hour and the effect will be harmful rather than helpful to the children. The thread of make-believe will be broken, the interest will lag, and the children will conclude that your story is not worth listening to.

3. *Don't hurry your story.* The inexperienced story-teller very often tells the story too rapidly, largely as the result of self-consciousness. Take your time. To give the impression of hurrying a story spoils it. It is not meant, of course, that certain parts of a story may not be passed over lightly or perhaps a little swiftly. This applies, however, only to the unimportant details. Never hurry over the important parts. Concentrate on these episodes and take all the time you need to elaborate them.

4. *Be sure you know your story.* Learn the story and plan the telling before you begin. In order to make your recital effective, you should read the story over several times so that you may make its plot, language, and style your own.

5. *Never admit to the children that you have forgotten or left out part of your story.* If you become aware that you have omitted an unimportant part or misstated a minor detail, pass right on. However, if your omission is an important one — something necessary to the proper understanding and appreciation of the story — bring it in later, as skillfully as you can, so that your audience will be carried past that point in your tale, unconscious

of the fact that you were in doubt about any of the incidents you were relating.

6. *How to tell a humorous story.*

a. When telling a humorous story, lead up, by voice, by facial expression, or by gesture, to the idea that "it will soon be time to laugh."

Children often anticipate a joke or a funny situation. Just as frequently, they fear to give expression to their desire to laugh. Therefore, it is necessary for the teacher to give the child every encouragement to laugh whole-heartedly where the story is intended to produce that effect.

b. Pause to permit full appreciation of the humor. After the climax has been reached, the children must be given ample time for a full appreciation of the laughter-provoking joke or the mirth-provoking situation. Do not go on until you feel that the humor has been fully appreciated.

STUDY AIDS

To accomplish these aims thus briefly set forth, the editors have provided the following study aids:

1. The selections have been preceded by short introductions to give the proper mind-set. These introductions contain, sometimes, biographical data, where such facts will shed light on the selection; at other times, historical background for the proper interpretation of the story, or any interesting fact that will serve as a motivation.

2. Each selection is followed by suitable questions as aids in thought-getting and appreciation, or in the pro-

motion of pertinent discussion or comparison, or as a guide to silent reading . Wherever possible in the questions the editors have tried to stimulate the children to make applications of the story to their own lives and experiences. Projects, either individual or group, have also been suggested, thus providing an admirable motive for purposeful silent reading.

3. Tests for comprehension and appreciation. Besides the questions, the editors have provided new-type tests of various kinds as a means by which the pupil may determine his mastery of the particular selection and his increase in reading ability.

To mention some of them, the teacher will find:

- a.* True-false tests
- b.* Completion tests
- c.* Multiple choice tests
- d.* Vocabulary tests
- e.* Problem tests

4. Home reading. More than any other influence, home reading will help to form the character and influence the life of the boy and girl.

It is important, then, that the child be directed to a correct literary diet. Children must be directed to good books that will inspire them to the attainment of life's best ideals. Unfortunately, not many parents realize the importance of good books, or, if they do, they frequently have not the knowledge or the time to guide their offspring in the choice of suitable reading matter.

The importance of this work is so apparent that the school would fail in a most important duty if it did not here, as in so many functions, stand *in loco parentis*.

The attention of the teacher is earnestly directed to the lists following some of the selection groups, throughout the book, and to the complete lists for home reading, found in the Appendix.

The teacher can do a great deal to encourage reading outside of school if she will bring some of the suggested books to the classroom and read portions selected for their thrilling appeal. In this way children may be encouraged to read the whole book. Children should be given an opportunity to report on their home reading. A good motive is the desire to share with others the pleasure one has gained from some good book.

A teacher who uses the book without acquainting the pupil with the storehouse of reading material available to him is losing an opportunity to prepare him for the proper enjoyment of his leisure time.

The selections found in this book, as well as the suggested reading lists, cannot fail to have a lasting effect on the character of the boys and girls who read them. They will unconsciously identify themselves with the heroes and heroines of the stirring or self-sacrificing deeds; they will strive to emulate the examples set by the characters portrayed, and, all unknown to themselves, will be acquiring ideals of right judgment, proper emotional response, and seemly conduct in all situations. This spiritual value of reading cannot be emphasized too strongly.

II. POETRY

Purpose and scope. The poems included in this book have been chosen with a view to providing pupils of the grade for which it is intended with material close at

hand for extensive reading that should develop a progressive interest in poetry suitable to their years.

The teacher should endeavor to accomplish the following purposes:

1. To create on the part of the pupils a desire to read poetry.
2. To develop the power to appreciate and enjoy poetry.
3. To make children familiar with examples of good poetry, including those of recent date.

The teacher is not expected to use every poem in the book. Many different kinds of poems have been included in order to please the taste of as many boys and girls as possible. Further, the inclusive nature of the poems submitted for this grade permits a selection which is in accord with the complexion, grouping, or ability of the class. It should be the constant aim of the teacher to appeal to and to develop an individual taste in poetry on the part of the pupils

- (1) by permitting them to handle the book;
- (2) by permitting individual choice of the poems to be read or memorized;
- (3) by encouraging them to mention and discuss poems which particularly appeal to them.

Appreciation of poetry. The pendulum of educational practice never stops in the middle, but swings from one extreme to the other. In the matter of presenting poetry, the extremes were, at one end of the arc, the skipping or at best the casual reading of poems as they were met in the various class readers, and at the other,

the analysis of poems as an end in itself; something akin to the breaking of a butterfly on a wheel or an attempt to get the fragrance of the rose by picking apart the petals. Certainly the latter practice has no place in the elementary schools.

Appreciation and love of poetry are the chief aims, and too-detailed study prevents the attainment of both. Over-analysis is one of the surest ways to kill interest in poetry. Not every word need be defined — just those the meaning of which is necessary to get the thought. So, too, elaborate notes and a multiplicity of questions should be avoided. These considerations have been kept in mind in the preparation of this book. The only information given with each poem is that which has been considered necessary to secure the proper mind-set. The questions that have been asked aim to aid thought-getting and to increase appreciation.

The importance of the teacher's attitude toward poetry. No teacher who does not herself love and appreciate poetry can hope to make children care anything about it. The possession, then, by the teacher of a true appreciation of poetry is a prerequisite to the development of that appreciation in children. Children are quick to detect, by the teacher's voice, eye, and gestures, whether she is really enjoying what she expects them to appreciate.

Real appreciation on the part of the teacher begets appreciation by the children. But this cannot be forced. It comes as a natural growth. It is easy to make children say "yes" to questions such as "Don't you like this poem?" or, "Isn't this description beautiful?" Questions of this kind make little hypocrites of

them. The teacher should aim to secure independent judgments.

Importance of oral presentation. The first step, sometimes the only step necessary in securing appreciation of a poem, is reading it aloud. A poem should always be presented orally in order that the vocal interpretation may help the pupil to enjoy the text. The teacher should bring out, by her reading, the rhythm, the beauty of diction, and the beauty of imagery.

All poetry should be read aloud, for much of the beauty lies in the rhythm. By converting the pupils into an audience of real listeners, the reading is given motive and purpose. Pupils should be asked to select poems which they would like to read aloud. Don't forget, however, that poetry, as Louis Untermeyer points out, "not only sings, but paints pictures, tells stories, describes characters, makes you laugh, and carries you to far-away lands."

Method varies with type of poem. Poems of different types serve different purposes, and the method of study will vary, therefore, according to the end the teacher has in view. Some poems should simply be read once or twice, some should be studied in order to get greater appreciation and pleasure, some should be memorized in whole or in part, and some should lead to self-expression, either through dramatization, the reproduction of the story of the poem, or the writing of compositions on related topics, or even the invention of original stories, either in prose or in verse.

Memorization. Some poems are to be memorized. It is of great advantage to have the memory well stored with poetical selections of enduring merit.

Importance of complete understanding and memorization by thought-wholes. Before we require the memorization of any poem, we should be sure that the pupil understands the meaning of the entire poem and the various thought-wholes into which it is divided, both in relation to one another and to the poem as a whole, so that a unified impression is made.

The poems suggested for memorization do not exclude the selection by the teacher of other poems. The editors have merely suggested a method with some poems. Other tastes undoubtedly will dictate other selections. In the case of some of the longer poems, only those parts should be memorized which make an especial appeal because of the beauty of the descriptive elements or the gripping nature of the narrative, or for any other reason. The tastes of the children should be consulted in the selections made.

Reviews: how conducted. Pupils should be encouraged to review and to recite for the class, poems learned in other grades, which made a strong personal appeal. Special periods may be set aside for this exercise and a volunteer group may be chosen to conduct the review period. It would be best to permit the pupils to conduct the lesson in its entirety.

Students' aids:

1. *The Introduction.* In the wonderful readings of his poems given by James Whitcomb Riley, he always prepared his audience by telling them a little story about the poem, which put into their minds the information necessary for its correct interpretation.

2. Statements about authors, that supply data for interpretation of the poems.

3. Meanings of words which will aid in a better understanding of the poem.

4. General questions on the selection, to clear up vague impressions, to increase appreciation, and to aid in memorization.

Poetry as a means of character training. Lastly, it should be borne in mind that poetry is not merely a metrical combination of sounds that make an appeal to our auricular consciousness, but that it portrays moral truths of life in easily rememberable forms, expressing in a lasting way the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows that man knows here below as well as the aspiration of a humanity struggling toward the better things of life.

The teacher has a golden opportunity here, during the impressionable years of youth, to give poetical material that will protect pupils from the cheap, tawdry, vulgar things that are all too common in present-day civilization.

With the material presented in the book the teacher has at hand the means of giving the children high ideals of the good, the true, and the beautiful.

FOR THE TEACHER

HOW TO TEACH A MEMORY SELECTION

The following summary of directions and suggestions should be of value to teachers in securing effective memorization:

1. Have a copy of the poem in the hands of each pupil.

2. Create the atmosphere for the poem to be memorized by any of the following that are appropriate:
 - a.* Tell the incident on which the poem may have been based.
 - b.* Tell the motive that impelled the poet to write it.
 - c.* Give the historical background.
 - d.* Give any information that will help the pupils to appreciate the natural setting.

3. Read the entire poem to the class.

4. Ask questions designed to promote an understanding of the poem as a whole.

If the poem is a short one, it is practically memorized when answers to these questions are given, because the teacher should as far as possible frame the questions so that the pupils will answer them in the words of the poem.

5. If the poem is one of greater length, the teacher, after giving the class an idea of the poem as a whole, should ask questions which will help the pupils to analyze the poem into thought-wholes. It is a good idea to put on the blackboard guide-words or phrases, preferably from the poem, as an aid in sequential thought-associations.
6. Have one of the pupils read the entire first thought-whole.
7. If the poem rhymes, it is a good idea to link together on the blackboard the rhyming words, as an aid to memorization.

8. Have the class read in concert the first thought-unit of the poem.
9. Renew your questions, so framing them as to permit answers in which the exact words of the poet are used. The questions should cover the entire thought-unit.
10. Proceed in the same way with the successive thought-wholes until the whole poem to be memorized has been studied. It is probably better to study the whole poem before assigning any of the thought-wholes for memorization. However, some prefer to memorize each thought as it is studied.
11. Give a short period for silent study and then call for those who think they have succeeded in memorizing the unit or units, to stand and recite, while the other pupils continue to study; or the entire class may be asked to write as much of the poem as they have memorized.
12. If the poem has been written on the blackboard, devices, such as erasing the unimportant words, for example, connectives, and leaving only nouns, verbs, and expressive adjectives as aids, are valuable.
13. Seek volunteers to repeat the thought-wholes, without reference to any copy.
14. Assign the unit or units for home study to correct halting utterance, to deepen the impression, and to fix associations.
15. Care should be taken to use such laws relating to memorization as repetition at ever-lengthening

intervals, by conducting the necessary review lessons.

16. Provide at all times a sympathetic audience-situation for the one reciting.

DIRECTIONS TO PUPILS IN MEMORIZING A POEM

Read the directions over carefully. If you do not understand what is meant, ask your teacher to explain. If you follow the directions given, you will find that it is very easy to memorize a poem.

1. Before beginning to memorize a poem, read it through to find out what it is about.
2. Note how many stanzas make up the poem.
3. Divide the poem into the thoughts that compose it. You will find in nearly all cases that there will be as many thoughts as there are stanzas.
4. If there are words or expressions in the poem which you do not understand, ask your teacher or your parents to tell you the meaning of them.
5. Memorize one thought at a time. Do *not* memorize the selection line by line.
6. Notice the words that rhyme. If you can remember these words, they will help you to remember the lines.
7. After you have learned the poem, DON'T FORGET TO SAY IT OVER AND OVER AGAIN.
8. If you repeat the poem very often, you will find that you will not easily forget it.

POEMS FOR MEMORIZATION

BOB WHITE

GEORGE COOPER

There is one bird call that everybody knows — the call of the quail. You can't fail to recognize him because he tells you his name so clearly — "Bob White!" "Bob White!" — repeating it in case you did not catch it the first time. Now you might think him very vain for being so anxious for you to know who he is. So, in justice to this little fellow, you ought to read this poem. You will find out why he calls so often, "Bob White!" "Bob White!"

THERE'S a plump little chap in a speckled coat,

And he sits on the zigzag rails remote,
Where he whistles at breezy, bracy morn,
When the buckwheat is ripe and stacked is the corn:

"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

Is he hailing some comrade as blithe as he?
Now I wonder where Robert White can be!

Bob White: a quail.

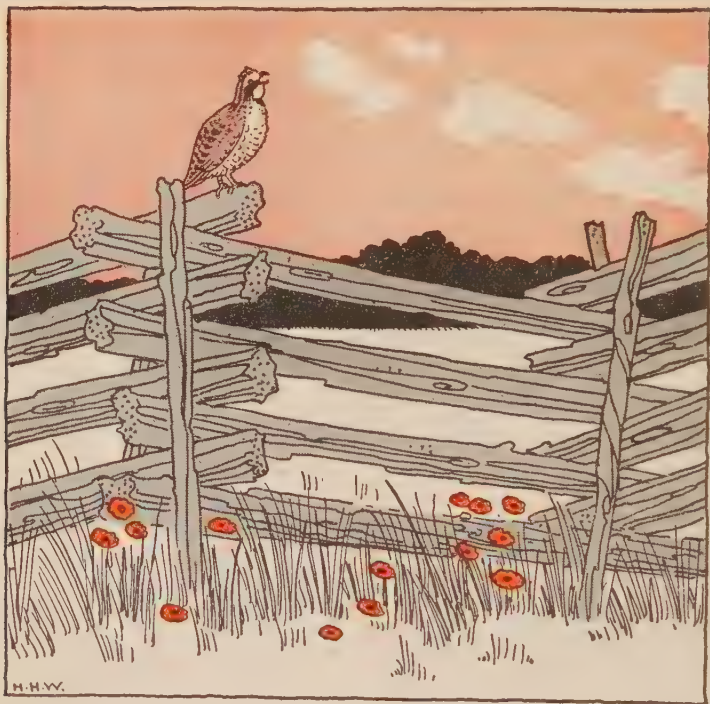
zigzag rails: fence rails with the ends laid across each other.

Look at the illustration on page 18 and see what zigzag rails look like.

remote: far away.

breezy, bracy morn: a fine morning when the air is cool and a person feels in perfect health.

hailing: calling.



O'er the billows of gold and amber grain
There is no one in sight — but hark again;
“Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!”

Ah! I see why he calls; in the stubble there
Hide his plump wife and babies fair!

billows: waves.

gold and amber grain: when grain is ripening, it has the color of amber. What color is amber?

stubble: stumps of grain stalks after the grain has been cut.

So contented is he, and so proud of the same,
That he wants all the world to know his name:
“Bob White, Bob White, Bob White!”

contented : happy.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. Who is the “chap in the speckled coat”?
2. What does this line tell you about the appearance of Bob White?
3. When does Bob White whistle?
4. Whom is he calling? How do you know?
5. Do you think that Bob White is vain or proud? Read the lines that make you think this.
6. Have you these pictures in your mind?
 - a. Bob White sitting on the rail.
 - b. The field of gold and amber grain.
 - c. The “plump wife and babies fair” hiding in the stubble.

SUGGESTIONS TO HELP YOU IN MEMORIZING THIS POEM

STANZA I:

1. Read the lines of the poem that tell where the “little chap” is sitting.
2. Read the lines that tell when he whistles.
3. Notice the end of the first line — coat.
Notice the end of the second line — remote.
Notice the end of the third line — morn.
Notice the end of the fourth line — corn.
Notice the end of the fifth line — white.
4. The same sound at the end of a line is called a *rhyme*. Therefore the first and second lines rhyme and the third and fourth lines rhyme. The fifth line — “Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!” — may be whistled when the stanza is recited or read.
5. Read the stanza silently several times.

6. Close the book and see if you can recite the first stanza.
Remember to whistle the last line.

TO THE TEACHER: Treat the remaining stanzas in a similar way.
It is possible to take all the three stanzas in the one lesson period.

BOOK HOUSES

ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON

Do you like books? Most children do. Even if they are too young to read, they like to go through a book from cover to cover and look at the pictures. Sometimes they will ask an older person to read the stories to them.

But how much better it is when you are able to read the stories for yourself! Then by opening a book you can go to far-away lands, see strange people and wonderful new sights; you can laugh, and you can sometimes feel sad — all between the covers of a book. You can even think of your book as a strange house which you are visiting for the first time, just as the poet does in this poem.

I ALWAYS think the cover of
A book is like a door
Which opens into some one's house
Where I've not been before.

A pirate or a fairy queen
May lift the latch for me;
I always wonder, when I knock,
What welcome there will be.

pirate: a robber on the seas.

And when I find a house that's dull
I do not often stay,
But when I find one full of friends
I'm apt to spend the day.

I never know what sort of folks
Will be within, you see,
And that's why reading always is
So int'resting to me.

apt: likely.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. What is like a door which opens into some one's house?
2. Did you ever think of a book as a strange house where you've never been before? Can you tell why this statement is true?
3. What do the following lines mean?

"A pirate or a fairy queen
May lift the latch for me."

Has this ever happened to you? Tell about it.

4. What happens when the poet finds a house that's dull?
5. What happens when she finds one full of friends?
6. Can you mention any book that you found full of friends?
7. If you can remember, tell the class about the best friend you found in a book.
8. Can you mention some good friends you have found in *this* book?
9. Have you ever gone into a book house where you did not care to stay? Tell about it.
10. What makes reading "so int'resting" to the poet? Do you agree with the poet? Tell why.

SUPPLEMENTARY MATERIAL

Play the game of Book Houses.

1. Tell a story or part of a story which you have read. See if any one can tell what book house it is from.
2. Name a book house in which you were so interested that you spent the day. See if any one in the class can tell what the story is about.

SUGGESTIONS TO HELP YOU IN MEMORIZING
THIS POEM

1. You will find that you will be able to memorize this poem easily, if you answer these questions in the words of the poem:
 - a. What do you think the cover of a book is like?
 - b. Into what does it open?
 - c. Who may lift the latch for you?
 - d. What do you do when you find a house that's dull?
When you find one that is full of friends?
 - e. Why is reading always so interesting to you?
2. Which lines rhyme? Select the correct answer:
 - a. The first and second.
 - b. The second and fourth.
 - c. The first and third.
3. You must remember what each stanza is about:
The first stanza tells us that "a book is like a door."
The second tells about knocking at the door.
The third tells about the people inside.
The fourth tells why reading is so interesting.
4. Read the poem aloud. If you have memorized some of the lines, look up from the book when you come to them.
5. Study the poem silently for a few moments. Now see how much of it you can recite without looking at the book. If you forget a word or a line, look at the book.

A BOY'S SONG

JAMES HOGG

The playground of the country boy! The woods, the fields, the hills, the streams — all at his service! Boys of the city have a different kind of playground and they are not acquainted with the one that Nature furnishes, unless they are fortunate enough to be able to go to the country in the summer time.

This poem gives you a picture of Billy's playground which will make you wish you could be with him.

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest;
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow lies the deepest,

lea: an open field covered with grass.

hawthorn: a rough, thorny bush with a white or pink flower.



Where the clustering nuts lie free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little maidens from their play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play
Through the meadow, among the hay;
banter: to make fun of in a good-humored way.

Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. Make a list of the things that are found on "the way for Billy and me."
2. What does the boy like to do? Read the last stanza for the answer.
3. If you have ever been in the country, tell how many of the things mentioned in the poem you have noticed.
4. What pictures come to your mind when you read the following lines?
 - a. "Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep."
 - b. "Where the nestlings chirp and flee."
 - c. "There to trace the homeward bee."
 Why should the boy want to do this?
 - d. "Where the clustering nuts lie free."
5. Do you think you could have a good time if you went with Billy? Tell how.

SUGGESTIONS TO HELP YOU IN MEMORIZING THIS POEM

1. What do you notice about the last line of each stanza of this poem? Is there any change in this line in any stanza? In which one?
2. What is "the way for Billy and me" mentioned in the first stanza? Answer in the words of the poet.
3. Ask yourself the same question and give your answers in the same way for the second, third, and fourth stanzas.
4. What is "the thing I never could tell" in the fifth stanza? Answer in the words of the poem.
5. In the last stanza read the lines that tell you where the boy loves to play.
6. Look at the words at the end of each line in the first stanza:

.....	deep
.....	asleep
.....	lea
.....	me

The first and second lines rhyme and the third and fourth lines rhyme. Write the end words for the other stanzas. Do the same lines rhyme in each of these stanzas too? Keep these rhymes in mind. They will help you in memorizing the poem.

7. Read the whole poem over to yourself several times. Close the book and see how much of it you have learned.
8. Take ten minutes to study the stanzas or lines you are not sure that you remember.

THE NEW YEAR

LUCY LARCOM

Have you ever seen the New Year? If you have, you must know him: a bright, cheery-eyed little fellow; young, chubby, and full of life and hope. He always comes at the end of the year, and in the very middle of the night, amid the sounds of bells and horns. Everybody waits to see him come! Perhaps some day you will stay up late, too, just to greet him — and to say good-by to the gray-haired Old Year, who must be on his way!

THERE'S a New Year coming, coming
Out of some beautiful sphere;
His baby eyes are bright
With hope and delight; —
We welcome you, happy New Year.

There's an Old Year going, going,
And in the winter drear;

sphere: world.

drear: bleak and cold.

His beard is like snow,
And his footsteps are slow;
Good-by to you, weary Old Year.

There is always a New Year coming;
There is always an Old Year to go;
And never a tear
Drops the happy New Year
As he scatters his gifts in the snow.

scatters his gifts in the snow: What gifts do you suppose they are?

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. What day of the year is New Year's Day?
2. Have you ever seen pictures of the New Year in magazines? Can you tell the class what he looks like? If you have a picture of the New Year, bring it to your teacher.
3. The eyes of the Baby New Year are:

bright	serious
sad	weary
shining	gay

Select the best words.

4. How do you know that Old Year is really old? Find the words in the poem that tell you this.
5. What do you think is meant by the following lines?
"And never a tear
Drops the happy New Year"
6. Why do people say "Happy New Year"?
7. What resolution will you make this year
 - a. at home?
 - b. at school?
 - c. at play?

SUGGESTIONS TO HELP YOU IN MEMORIZING THIS POEM

Perhaps you would like to learn this poem and use it as a greeting when the New Year comes. If you follow these helps, learning it will be easy. Answer in the words of the poem:

STANZA I.

1. Out of what is a New Year coming?
2. His baby eyes are with hope and
3. What do we do to the "happy New Year"?

STANZA II.

1. Where is the Old Year going?
2. Complete the following:
His beard is
And his footsteps
3. What do we say to the "weary Old Year"?

STANZA III.

1. What is always coming? going?
2. What does the happy New Year never drop?
3. What does he scatter in the snow?

1. Read the line in the first stanza welcoming the New Year.
What does the first stanza do?
2. Read the line saying good-by to the Old Year. What does the second stanza do?
3. Remember that the lines rhyme in this way

. coming
 sphere
 bright
 delight
 year

This will help you.

4. Can you pick out the rhyming words in the other two stanzas?
5. Read the poem over to yourself, keeping in mind these helps. See how much of it you know after you have read it several times.
6. Try to get the swing of the poem. When you do, you will see how easy it will be to remember the poem.
7. If you forget parts of the poem, look at the book. Then try to recite the whole poem without looking at the book.

THE SECRET

JEAN INGELOW

Have you ever had a secret that you shared with only one, or maybe two, of your friends? It was fun, wasn't it? You knew something that others knew nothing about. Sometimes, of course, it was hard to keep. You were tempted to tell it and feared that maybe your friends would be tempted, too. Sometimes, it almost slipped out.

As you read the following poem, notice the places where the secret is almost told. It *is* hard to keep a secret, isn't it?

WE have a secret, just we three,
The robin, and I, and the sweet cherry tree;
The bird told the tree, and the tree told me,
And nobody knows it but just we three.

But of course the robin knows it best,
Because he built the — I shan't tell the rest;
And I laid the four little — somethings in it —
I'm afraid I shall tell it every minute.

But if the tree and the robin don't peep,
I'll try my best the secret to keep;
Though I know when the little birds fly about,
Then the whole secret will be out.



GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. Who knows the secret?
2. How did each one find it out?
3. Why does the robin know it best?
4. Have you guessed what the secret is? If you have, tell the class what it is.
5. When will every one know the secret?
6. Do you like to have secrets? Why? Do you always keep them? Tell about some secret that you have had.

SUGGESTIONS TO HELP YOU IN MEMORIZING
THIS POEM

1. Notice how the lines rhyme in each stanza. For example:
Stanza I:

.....three
.....tree
.....me
.....three

2. Answer the following questions in the words of the poem:

Stanza I:

- a. Who are the "just we three" who have a secret?
- b. Who told the tree? Who told me?
- c. Does anybody else know it?

Stanza II:

- a. Who knows it best? Why?
- b. What did "I" have to do with it?
- c. Are you often afraid of letting the secret slip out?

Stanza III:

- a. Under what conditions will you do your best "the secret to keep"?
- b. When will "the whole secret be out"? Read the third line of the stanza for your answer.

3. Read the poem through two or three times to yourself.
4. Turn the book down. See how much of it you have learned.

FAIRY TALES

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

This story is taken from a very old Spanish tale. It tells how a vain Emperor was tricked by rogues.

Most of us have, at some time or other, pretended to know what we did not know or to be what we were not, in order to appear wise, or in order that we might not be laughed at by others.

Sometimes this happens in school. You pretend that you understand everything that goes on, but really you don't. You just don't want to appear stupid!

Read this story, and you will learn how foolish it is to pretend, and how much better it is to be your own natural self.

I. THE EMPEROR AND THE TWO ROGUES

MANY years ago there lived an Emperor who thought so much of new clothes that he spent all his money on them. He did not care about his soldiers, or his people, or his family. His only thought was to ride through the park to show off his new clothes. He had a different coat for every hour of the day, and he spent most of his time in the palace inspecting the clothes in his closet.

Many strangers came to visit the city every

day. Among them were two rogues who opened a shop and claimed to be expert weavers. They said they knew how to weave the most wonderful cloth in the world. Not only were the colors and the patterns most marvelous, but the cloth had another virtue. Clothes made from it could not be seen by any one who was dull or unfit for his office.

“Aha,” thought the Emperor, “clothes made from that cloth would be fine for me. By wearing them, I shall soon find out what men in my kingdom are worthy of holding their offices. I shall also be able to tell the clever men from the stupid ones. I must send for these two weavers at once, and order them to make some clothes for me.”

When the two rogues came to the palace, the Emperor gave them a large sum of money so that they might begin their work without loss of time.

The rogues immediately put up two great looms and pretended to be very busy. They asked for the finest silks and the brightest gold,

rogues: rascals; thieves.

expert weavers: skillful cloth makers.

pretended: made believe.

but these they kept. There was nothing on their looms, but they worked steadily at the empty looms until late into the night.

The Emperor became very curious about his new clothes. He saw the weavers busily at work day after day. But he remembered that no one who was stupid or unfit for office could see the cloth. While he had no doubt about himself, the Emperor decided that it would be just as well to send some one else first to see how the weavers were getting on.

“I will send my wise old Minister,” thought the Emperor. “He is a clever man who always does his work well. He can tell me what the stuff looks like.”

GUIDE TO SILENT READING AND HELPS TO STUDY AND UNDERSTANDING

1. How do you know that the Emperor was vain?
2. What did the two rogues pretend to be?
3. How did they interest the Emperor in their wonderful cloth?
4. What did the Emperor do for these rogues?

II. THE VISIT OF THE MINISTER

Accordingly, the good old Minister went into the room where the two rogues were at work at the empty looms.

“Mercy on us!” he said to himself, staring in

astonishment at the looms, "I can't see a thing!" But he did not dare to admit this, so he said nothing.

"Step a little closer," urged the two rascals. "Look at that marvelous pattern! And is not the coloring the most beautiful you have ever seen?" And they pointed to the empty loom.

The poor old Minister put on his glasses and went closer to the looms. He stared and stared, but he could see nothing, for there was nothing to see!

"Mercy!" he thought, "is it possible that I am dull and stupid? Am I unfit to hold the office of Minister? Certainly no one must know about it. I must not let these weavers think that I cannot see the stuff!"

"Well, Your Highness, what do you think of it?" asked the rogue who had continued to weave all through the inspection.

"Why — it is wonderful, beautiful," said the poor old Minister; "the pattern is very fine and the colors are most gorgeous. I shall tell the Emperor that I am very much pleased with your work."

"We thank you and we are glad to hear that
pattern: design.

you are pleased with our work," answered the two rascals.

Then they went on to name the different colors and to describe the unusual pattern. The old Minister listened very carefully, so that he might be able to describe the cloth to the Emperor when he returned.

After this visit, the rogues asked for more silk, more gold thread, and more money so that they could go on with their work. All that they received they kept as before. Not a single piece of silk was ever put on the loom.

Soon the Emperor sent another faithful friend to see the cloth and to find out when the new clothes would be ready. This man fared no better than the Minister. He stood before the looms and looked and looked, but he could see no cloth for there was no cloth to see!

"Isn't that the prettiest piece of cloth you have ever seen?" asked the busy weavers, pointing at the empty looms.

"Surely, I am not dull or stupid," thought the man. "It may be that I am unfit to hold my position. Well, if that is so, I must not let it be known!"

So he, too, praised the colors and the design

of the cloth that was not there. When the Emperor asked him about it, he said, "It is the most beautiful cloth I have ever seen!"

Soon every one in the city had heard about the wonderful cloth the two weavers were making. The Emperor began to think that he would like to see the wonderful cloth while it was still on the looms. So, accompanied by a number of his friends, he went to visit the men, who were industriously weaving day after day, without so much as a thread on the looms.

GUIDE TO SILENT READING AND HELPS TO STUDY AND UNDERSTANDING

1. Why did the Emperor send his wise old Minister to see the cloth?
2. What happened when the Minister visited the looms?
3. Why did he tell the Emperor that the cloth was "gorgeous" instead of telling him the truth?

III. THE EMPEROR VISITS THE TWO ROGUES

As soon as the party had entered the shop, the two men who had already visited the weavers exclaimed, "Isn't it splendid! Look, Your Majesty! See the beautiful colors! And what a design!" They were afraid that some of the others might see something upon the empty looms.

“Hello!” said the Emperor to himself. “What does this mean? I see nothing at all! Am I stupid? Am I not fit to be Emperor? If this becomes known, I shall be removed from office and that would be very bad for me!”

“Oh — yes, yes. It is very pretty, indeed,” said he aloud. “I am very much pleased with the result of your labor!”

The Emperor smiled and kept staring at the empty looms. All his friends, too, looked and looked, but could see no more than the others. Still they all exclaimed, “Beautiful! Marvelous! Splendid!” They all begged the Emperor to wear a suit made of this cloth in a great procession which was soon to take place.

To show the weavers how much he thought of their work, the Emperor gave each of them a royal ribbon to wear in his buttonhole, and called them the Imperial Court Weavers.

GUIDE TO SILENT READING AND HELPS TO STUDY AND UNDERSTANDING

What made the Emperor say, “Yes, it is very pretty, indeed,” when he looked at the empty looms?

IV. THE PROCESSION

The day of the procession approached. The two rogues had never stopped working. The **procession**: parade.

night before the procession they were hard at work, by the light of sixteen candles, until morning. They took yards and yards of nothing from the empty looms. They cut the air with big scissors. They sewed with needles without thread. At last they said that the clothes were ready.

The Emperor, as soon as he was informed that the weavers had finished their task, went with his grandest courtiers to put on his new suit.

“Look!” cried the rogues, lifting their arms as if they were holding something. “Here are the trousers! Here is the coat! Here is the cape! The clothes are as light as a spider’s web! The beauty of it is that you might think you had nothing on!”

“Fine! Wonderful!” cried the courtiers. But they could see nothing, for there was nothing for them to see.

“Will your gracious Majesty be kind enough to take off your clothes,” asked the rogues, “so that we may put on the new ones before this long mirror?”

The Emperor took off his own clothes and the courtiers: men of the king’s court.

two rascals pretended to put on each new garment as it was ready. They wrapped him about, they tied, and they buttoned.



“How well His Majesty looks in his new clothes!” said the courtiers. “The style is very becoming and the colors are most unusual!”

During all this the Emperor stood before the mirror, turning here and there as if he were admiring himself.

"They are waiting with the canopy which is to be carried over Your Majesty in the procession," said the Grand Marshal.

"I am ready," said the Emperor, as he gave a last look into the mirror.

The men who were to carry the train of the Emperor's cloak stooped down as if to pick up something which they held high in the air. They did not dare let it be known that they could see nothing.

The procession started. The Emperor marched along under the gorgeous canopy. Everybody in the streets and at the windows cried, "How beautiful the Emperor's new clothes are! What a fine train! What wonderful colors!"

No one would admit that he could see nothing, for that would have proved that he was stupid and was not fit to hold office. None of the Emperor's clothes had ever been so much admired as these were.

"But he has nothing on!" said a little child.

"Be quiet, hush!" said his father.

But the people had begun to whisper: "He has nothing on. A child says he has nothing on!"

canopy: an awning, carried over the king as he marched.

“To be sure,” the people cried at last, “he has nothing on!”

The Emperor heard them. He was ashamed, for he knew that what they said was true. But he also realized that it would never do to stop the procession. So he held himself stiffer than ever and went proudly on. And behind him marched his courtiers, holding aloft the invisible train.

invisible: not able to be seen.

GUIDE TO SILENT READING AND HELPS TO STUDY AND UNDERSTANDING

1. How did the Emperor put on his new clothes?
2. What did the people say when they saw the Emperor marching in the procession?
3. What made the people admit that the Emperor had nothing on?
4. When the Emperor heard the people say, “He has nothing on,” what did he do?
5. Would you have done what the Emperor and his courtiers did? Why?

SUPPLEMENTARY MATERIAL

1. Have you a picture in your mind of:
 - a. The two rogues working at their empty looms?
 - b. The old Minister when he visited the workshop?
 - c. The Emperor putting on his new clothes?
 - d. The canopy at the head of the procession and the Emperor marching under it?
2. Select what you think is the most humorous or the funniest part of the story and read it to the class.

3. Who is the wisest person in the story? the most stupid?
4. Why did all the people pretend to see something which they did not see?
5. Is it a good thing to pretend to be what you are not or to pretend to know what you do not know? Give a reason for your answer.
6. If you have read some other stories which Hans Christian Andersen wrote, tell them to the class. Here are a few titles:

“The Little Tin Soldier.”

“The Little Match Girl.”

“The Ugly Duckling.”

THE GOLDEN TOUCH

Adapted from NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

In the story which follows, King Midas is the chief character. He has so great a love for gold — he is so greedy — that he is willing to do anything to increase his vast riches. However, he learns from bitter experience that gold alone cannot bring happiness. Will you agree with him?

Perhaps at some time or other you have wished for the “Golden Touch.” If you have, the experience of King Midas should interest you very much.

I. KING MIDAS AND HIS LOVE FOR GOLD

ONCE upon a time there lived a very rich king whose name was Midas. He had a daughter whom he loved very much whose name was Marygold. This King Midas was fonder of gold than of anything else in the world. If he
vast: great.

loved anything better, or half as well, it was the little maiden who played so merrily around her father's footstool. He thought, foolish man, that the best thing he could possibly do for his dear child, Marygold, would be to leave her the largest pile of yellow, glistening coin that ever had been heaped together since the world was made. So he gave all his thoughts and all his time to this one purpose.

If ever he happened to gaze for an instant at the gold-tinted clouds of sunset, he wished that they were real gold, and that they could be squeezed safely into his strong-box. When little Marygold ran to meet him, with a bunch of buttercups and dandelions, he used to say, "Poh, poh, child! If those flowers were as golden as they look, they would be worth the plucking!"

And yet, in his earlier days, King Midas had shown a great taste for flowers. He planted a garden, in which grew the biggest and sweetest roses that any mortal ever saw or smelled. But now, if he looked at them at all, it was only to guess how much the garden would be worth if

glistening: shining.

plucking: picking.

mortal: man, human being.

each of the rose-petals were a thin plate of gold. And though he once was fond of music (in spite of an idle story about his ears, which were said to resemble those of a donkey) the only music for poor Midas, now, was the clink of one coin against the other.



At length, this desire for gold became so strong that he could scarcely bear to see or touch any object that was not gold. He made it his custom, therefore, to pass a large part of

the day in a dark and dreary apartment, under ground, in the basement of his palace. It was here that he kept his wealth.

Here, after carefully locking the door, he would take a bag of gold coin, or a gold cup as big as a washbowl, and bring it from a dark corner of the room into the one bright and narrow sunbeam that fell from the dungeon-like window. He valued the sunbeam for no other reason but that his treasure would not shine without its help. He would count over the coins in the bag; toss up the bag, and catch it as it came down; sift the gold-dust through his fingers — and whisper to himself, “O Midas, rich King Midas, what a happy man art thou!” But it was laughable to see how the image of his face kept grinning at him, out of the polished surface of the cup. It seemed to be aware of his foolish behavior, and to have a naughty wish to make fun of him.

Midas called himself a happy man, but felt that he was not yet quite as happy as he might be. The greatest enjoyment would never be reached, unless the whole world were to become his treasure-room, and be filled with yellow metal which should be all his own.

dungeon: prison.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. What did Midas love better than anything on earth?
2. How did he think he could please his daughter?
3. When Midas began to think of collecting gold, how did he look on
 - a. the clouds and sunset?
 - b. his garden?
 - c. music?
4. Why did he go down to his dark and dreary dungeon every day?

II. A STRANGER VISITS MIDAS IN HIS STRONG-ROOM

Midas was enjoying himself in his treasure-room, one day, when he beheld the figure of a stranger, standing in the bright and narrow sunbeam! It was a young man, with a cheerful and ruddy face. Certainly, although his figure was in the path of the sunshine, there was now a brighter gleam upon all the piled-up treasures than before.

As Midas knew that he had carefully turned the key in the lock, and that no human strength could possibly break it, he concluded that his visitor must be something more than human. It looked as though he had come to do Midas a favor. And what could that favor be, unless to multiply his heaps of treasure?

The stranger gazed about the room, and with a smile said:

ruddy: rosy.

“You are a wealthy man, friend Midas! I doubt whether any other four walls on earth contain so much gold as you have piled up in this room.”

“I have done pretty well — pretty well,” answered Midas, in a discontented tone. “But after all, it is but a trifle, when you consider that it has taken me my whole life to get it together. If one could live a thousand years, he might have time to grow rich!”

“What!” exclaimed the stranger. “Then you are not satisfied?”

Midas shook his head.

“And pray what would satisfy you?” asked the stranger. “Merely for curiosity of the thing, I should be glad to know.”

Midas paused and meditated. He felt this stranger had come hither with both the power and the purpose of gratifying his utmost wishes.

Now, therefore, was the fortunate moment, when he had but to speak and obtain whatever it might come into his head to ask. So he thought, and thought, and thought, and heaped up one golden mountain upon another, in his

trifle: of little value.

meditated: thought.

gratifying: satisfying, granting.

imagination, without being able to imagine them big enough. At last, a bright idea occurred to King Midas.

Raising his head, he looked the stranger in the face.

"Well, Midas," observed the visitor, "I see that you have at length thought of something that will satisfy you. Tell me your wish."

"It is only this," replied Midas. "I am weary of collecting my treasures with so much trouble; I wish everything that I touch to be changed to gold!"

The stranger's smile grew so very broad that it seemed to fill the room like an outburst of the sun.

"The Golden Touch!" exclaimed he. "But are you sure that this will satisfy you?"

"How could it fail?" said Midas.

"And will you never regret the possession of it?"

"What could make me regret it?" asked Midas. "I ask nothing else to make me perfectly happy."

"Be it as you wish, then," replied the stranger, waving his hand in token of farewell. "To-regret: be sorry for. token: sign.

morrow, at sunrise, you will find yourself gifted with the Golden Touch."

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. What was Midas's wish?
2. What did the cheerful stranger do about it?

III. THE GOLDEN TOUCH

Whether Midas slept as usual that night, the story does not say. Asleep, or awake, however, his mind was probably in the state of a child's, to whom a beautiful new plaything has been promised in the morning. At any rate, day had hardly peeped over the hills, when King Midas was wide awake, and, stretching his arms out of bed, he began to touch the objects that were within his reach. He was anxious to prove whether the Golden Touch had really come, according to the stranger's promise. So he laid his finger on a chair by the bedside, and on various other things, but was greatly disappointed to see that they remained exactly the same substance as before. Indeed, he felt very much afraid that he had only dreamed about the wonderful stranger, or else, that the latter had been making game of him.

substance: material.

It was only the gray of the morning, but Midas, lying in bed, could not see it. He was in a very unhappy mood, regretting the downfall of his hopes, and kept growing sadder and sadder, until the earliest sunbeam shone through the window. It seemed to Midas that this bright yellow sunbeam was reflected in rather a singular way on the white covering of the bed. Looking more closely, what was his astonishment and delight, when he found that this linen fabric had been changed to what seemed a cloth of the purest and brightest gold! The Golden Touch had come to him with the first sunbeam!

Midas started up, in a kind of joyful frenzy, and ran about the room, grasping at everything that happened to be in his way. He seized one of the bedposts, and it became immediately a fluted golden pillar. He pulled aside a window-curtain, in order to admit a clear spectacle of the wonders which he was performing; and the tassel grew heavy in his hands — a mass of gold. He took up a book

singular: odd, strange.

fabric: material.

frenzy: madness.

fluted golden pillar: post of gold with grooves all around it.

spectacle: view, sight.

from the table. At his first touch, it assumed the appearance of such a splendidly bound and gilt-edged volume as one often meets with, nowadays; but, on running his fingers through the leaves, behold! it was a bundle of thin gold plates in which all the wisdom of the book had become unreadable. He hurriedly put on his clothes, and was delighted to see himself in a magnificent suit of gold cloth, which burdened him a little with its weight. He drew out his handkerchief, which little Marygold had hemmed for him. That was likewise gold, with the dear child's neat and pretty stitches running all along the border, in gold thread!

Somehow or other, this last change did not quite please King Midas. He would rather that his little daughter's handiwork should remain just the same as when she climbed his knee and put it into his hand.

But it was not worth while to vex himself about a trifle. Midas now took his spectacles from his pocket, and put them on his nose, in order that he might see more distinctly what he was about. In those days, spectacles for common people had not been invented, but were **burdened**: overloaded.

already worn by kings; else, how could Midas have had any? To his great amazement, however, excellent as the glasses were, he could not possibly see through them. The transparent glasses turned out to be plates of yellow metal. It struck Midas as rather inconvenient that, with all his wealth, he could never again be rich enough to own a pair of spectacles, which he could use.

“It is no great matter, nevertheless,” said he to himself. “We cannot expect any great good, without its being accompanied with some small inconvenience. The Golden Touch is worth the sacrifice of a pair of spectacles, at least, if not of one’s eyesight. My own eyes will serve for ordinary purposes, and little Marygold will soon be old enough to read to me.”

Wise King Midas went downstairs and out into the garden. Here, he found a great number of beautiful roses in full bloom. Very delicious was their fragrance in the morning breeze.

But Midas knew a way to make them more precious, according to his way of thinking, than
transparent: clear. **sacrifice:** loss.

roses had ever been before. So from bush to bush he used his magic touch until every individual flower and bud, and even the worms at the heart of them, were changed to gold. By the time this good work was completed, King Midas was called to breakfast; and as the morning air had given him an excellent appetite, he made haste back to the palace.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. When Midas woke up in the morning after the stranger's visit, what made him very happy?
2. What happened to
 - a. the window curtains?
 - b. Midas's clothes?
 - c. the handkerchief his daughter had made for him?
 - d. his spectacles?
 - e. his roses?

IV. THE KING AND MARYGOLD AT BREAKFAST

What was usually the King's breakfast in the days of Midas, I really do not know. To the best of my belief, however, on this particular morning, the breakfast consisted of hot cakes, some nice little brook trout, roasted potatoes, fresh boiled eggs, and coffee, for King Midas himself, and a bowl of bread and milk for his daughter Marygold.

trout: fish found in fresh water.

Little Marygold had not yet made her appearance. Her father ordered her to be called, and, seating himself at the table, awaited the child's coming, in order to begin his own breakfast. To do Midas justice, he really loved his daughter, and loved her so much more this morning, on account of the great good fortune which had befallen him. It was not a great while before he heard her coming along the passageway crying bitterly. This surprised him, because Marygold was one of the most cheerful little people whom you would see in a summer's day. When Midas heard her sobs, he determined to put little Marygold into better spirits, by an agreeable surprise; so, leaning across the table, he touched his daughter's bowl (which was a china one, with pretty figures all around it) and changed it to gleaming gold.

Meanwhile, Marygold slowly and sadly opened the door, and showed herself with her apron at her eyes, still sobbing as if her heart would break.

"How now, my little lady!" cried Midas. "Pray what is the matter with you, this bright morning?"

Marygold, without taking the apron from her

eyes, held out her hand, in which was one of the roses which Midas had so recently changed.

“Beautiful!” exclaimed the father. “And what is there in this magnificent golden rose to make you cry?”

“Ah, dear father,” answered the child, as well as her sobs would let her; “it is not beautiful, but the ugliest flower that ever grew! As soon as I was dressed I ran into the garden to gather some roses for you; because I know you like them. But, oh, dear, dear me! What do you think has happened? Such a misfortune! All the beautiful roses that smelled so sweetly are blighted and spoiled! What can have been the matter with them?”

“Poh, my dear little girl — pray don’t cry about it!” said Midas, who was ashamed to confess that he, himself, had wrought the change. “Sit down and eat your bread and milk! You will find it easy to exchange a golden rose like that (which will last hundreds of years) for an ordinary one which will wither in a day.”

“I don’t care for such roses as this!” cried

magnificent: splendid, grand.

blighted: ruined.

wrought: worked, made.

wither: dry up.

Marygold tossing it aside. "It has no smell, and the hard petals prick my nose."



The child now sat down to the table, and was so occupied with her grief for the blighted roses, that she did not even notice the wonderful change in her china bowl. Perhaps this was all the better; for Marygold was accustomed to take pleasure in looking at the queer figures, and the strange trees and houses, that were painted on the outside of the bowl.

Midas, meanwhile, had poured out a cup of

coffee, and, as a matter of course, the coffee-pot turned into gold. He thought that it was indeed a luxury to be able to eat from gold dishes. Amid these thoughts, he lifted a spoonful of coffee to his lips, and, sipping it, was astonished to perceive that, the instant his lips touched the liquid, it became molten gold and hardened into a lump!

“Ha!” exclaimed Midas, rather frightened.

“What is the matter, father?” asked little Marygold, gazing at him, with the tears still standing in her eyes.

“Nothing, child, nothing!” said Midas. “Eat your breakfast before it gets quite cold.”

He took one of the nice little trout on his plate, and touched its tail with his finger. To his horror, it was immediately changed into a metal fish. A very pretty piece of work as you may suppose; only King Midas, just at that moment, would much rather have had a real trout in his dish than this valuable imitation of one.

“I don’t quite see,” thought he to himself, “how I am to get my breakfast!”

luxury: anything that gives comfort and pleasure, but is not necessary to life.

perceive: notice.

molten: melted.

He took one of the smoking-hot cakes, and had scarcely broken it, when it took on the yellow color of Indian meal. To say the truth, if it had really been a hot Indian cake, Midas would have prized it a good deal more than he did now. Almost in despair, he helped himself to boiled eggs, which immediately became round balls of gold.

“Well, this is a problem!” thought he, looking quite enviously at little Marygold, who was now eating her bread and milk with great satisfaction. “Such a costly breakfast before me, and nothing that can be eaten!”

Hoping that by speed he might avoid the difficulty, he snatched a hot potato, and attempted to cram it into his mouth, and swallow it in a hurry. But the Golden Touch was too nimble for him. He found his mouth full, not of mealy potato, but of solid metal, which so burnt his tongue that he roared aloud, and, jumping up from the table, he began to dance and stamp around the room, both with pain and fright.

“Father, dear father!” cried little Marygold,

despair: hopelessness.

enviously: jealously.

“pray what is the matter? Have you burnt your mouth?”

“Ah, dear child,” groaned Midas, dolefully, “I don’t know what is to become of your poor father!”

And, truly, my dear little folks, did you ever hear of such a sad case in all your lives? Here was the richest breakfast that could be set before a king, and its very richness made it absolutely good for nothing. The poorest laborer, sitting down to his crust of bread and cup of water, was far better off than King Midas, whose delicate food was really worth its weight in gold. And what was to be done? Already, at breakfast, Midas was very hungry. And how much greater would be his appetite for supper! How many days, think you, could he live on this rich fare?

These thoughts so troubled the wise King Midas, that he began to doubt whether, after all, riches are the most desirable things in the world. But this was only a passing thought. So fascinated was Midas with the glitter of the yellow metal, that he would still have refused to give up the Golden Touch for so small a condolefully: sadly.

sideration as a breakfast. Just imagine what a price for one meal! It would have been the same as paying millions and millions in money for some fried trout, and egg, and potato, a hot cake, and a cup of coffee!

“It would be quite too dear,” thought Midas.

Nevertheless, so great was his hunger that he again groaned aloud. Our pretty Marygold could endure it no longer. She gazed at her father, trying her hardest to find out what was the matter with him. Then to comfort him, she ran to him, and affectionately threw her arms around his knees. He bent down and kissed her. He felt that his little daughter’s love was worth a thousand times more than he had gained by the Golden Touch.

“My precious, precious Marygold!” cried he.

But Marygold made no answer.

Alas, what had he done? The moment the lips of Midas touched Marygold’s forehead, a change had taken place. Her sweet, rosy face, so full of affection as it had been, assumed a glittering yellow color, with yellow tear-drops on her cheeks. Her beautiful brown ringlets took the same tint. Her soft and tender little form

endure: bear.

assumed: took on.

grew hard and firm. Oh, terrible misfortune! Little Marygold was a human child no longer, but a golden statue!

Yes, there she was! It was the prettiest and most wonderful sight that ever mortal saw. All the features of Marygold were there; even the beloved little dimple remained in her golden chin. It had been a favorite phrase of Midas to say that she was worth her weight in gold and now the phrase had come true. And now, at last, when it was too late, he felt a warm and tender heart, that loved him, was greater in value than all the wealth that could be piled up betwixt the earth and sky.

Midas could only wring his hands and wish that he were the poorest man in the wide world, if the loss of all his wealth might bring back the faintest rose-color to his dear child's face.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. Why was Marygold sobbing when she came into the breakfast room?
2. What happened when Midas began to eat his breakfast?
3. Why did Midas become frightened?
4. What happened to Marygold that made him wish that he was the poorest man on earth?

V. THE STRANGER COMES AGAIN

While he was in this sad mood, he suddenly beheld a stranger standing near the door. Midas recognized the same figure which had appeared to him in the treasure-room, and had bestowed on him the terrible Golden Touch. The stranger's countenance still wore a smile.

"Well, friend Midas," said the stranger, "pray how do you succeed with the Golden Touch?"

Midas shook his head.

"I am very miserable," said he.

"Very miserable, indeed!" exclaimed the stranger. "And how happens that? Have I not faithfully kept my promise with you? Have you not everything that your heart desired?"

"Gold is not everything," answered Midas, "and I have lost all that my heart really cared for."

"Ah! so you made a discovery since yesterday?" observed the stranger. "Let us see, then. Which of these two things do you think is really worth the most — the gift of the Golden Touch, or one cup of clear, cold water?"

"O blessed water!" exclaimed Midas. "It

bestowed: given as a gift.

countenance: face.

will never moisten my parched throat again!”

“The Golden Touch,” continued the stranger, “or a crust of bread?”

“A piece of bread,” answered Midas, “is worth all the gold on earth!”

“The Golden Touch,” asked the stranger, “or your own little Marygold, warm, soft, loving as she was an hour ago?”

“Oh, my child, my dear child!” cried poor Midas, wringing his hands. “I would not have given that one small dimple in her chin for the power of changing this whole big earth into a solid lump of gold!”

“You are wiser than you were, King Midas!” said the stranger, looking seriously at him. “Your own heart, I perceive, has not been entirely changed from flesh to gold. Were it so, your case would indeed be hopeless! But you appear to be still capable of understanding that the commonest things, such as lie within everybody’s grasp, are more valuable than the riches which so many mortals sigh and struggle after. Tell me, now, do you sincerely desire to rid yourself of this Golden Touch?”

“It is hateful to me!” replied Midas.

parched: dried up.

A fly settled on his nose, but immediately fell to the floor; for it, too, had become gold. Midas shuddered.

“Go then,” said the stranger, “and plunge into the river in your garden. Take with you a vase and fill it with water. By sprinkling this water over any object that you desire, you may change it back again from gold into its former substance.”

King Midas bowed low; and when he lifted his head, the stranger had vanished.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. When the stranger appeared again before Midas he asked him several questions. Suppose you had been Midas. How would you have answered the following questions?
 - a. “Which is worth more — the gift of the Golden Touch, or one cup of clear, cold water?”
 - b. “The Golden Touch, or a crust of bread?”
 - c. “The Golden Touch, or your own little Marygold?”
 - d. “Do you sincerely wish to rid yourself of this Golden Touch?”
2. What did the stranger tell Midas to do in order to get rid of the Golden Touch?

VI. KING MIDAS BECOMES REALLY HAPPY

You will easily believe that Midas lost no time in snatching up a great earthen pitcher (but, alas! it was no longer earthen after he touched it) and hastening to the river. On reaching its

brink, he plunged headlong in, without waiting even to pull off his shoes.

“Poof! poof! poof!” snorted the King, as his head came up from the water. “Well; this is really a refreshing bath, and I think it must have quite washed away the Golden Touch. And now for filling my pitcher!”

As he dipped the pitcher into the water, it gladdened his very heart to see it change from gold into the same good, honest, earthen vessel which it had been before he touched it. He was aware, also, of a change within. A cold, hard, and heavy weight seemed to have gone out of his bosom. No doubt, his heart had been gradually losing its human substance, and becoming metal, but was now beginning to soften. Seeing a violet, he eagerly reached out his hands, and was happy to find that the delicate flower was as pretty as before he touched it. The curse of the Golden Touch had really been removed.

King Midas, with a filled pitcher, hastened back to the palace. He carried the water carefully, making the servants wonder why their royal master was so concerned with a pitcher of water. They didn't know, however, that with the water King Midas could undo all the mis-

chief his folly had wrought. The first thing he did, as you need hardly be told, was to sprinkle it by handfuls over the golden figure of Marygold.

No sooner did it fall on her than you would have laughed to see how the rosy color came back to the dear child's cheek; and how she began to sneeze and sputter! — and how astonished she was to find herself dripping wet, and her father still throwing more water over her!

“Pray do not, dear father!” cried she. “See how you have wet my nice frock, which I put on only this morning!”

Marygold did not know that she had been a little golden statue; nor could she remember anything that had happened since the moment when she ran with outstretched arms to comfort poor King Midas.

Her father did not think it necessary to tell his beloved child how very foolish he had been, but contented himself with showing how much wiser he had now grown. For this purpose, he led little Marygold into the garden, where he sprinkled all the remainder of the water over the rose-bushes, and with such good effect that folly: foolish conduct.

about five thousand roses recovered their beautiful bloom. There were two circumstances, however, which, as long as he lived, used to put King Midas in mind of the Golden Touch. One was that the sands of the river sparkled like gold; the other, that little Marygold's hair had now a golden tinge, which he had never observed in it before she had been changed by the effect of his kiss. This change of color was really an improvement, and made Marygold's hair richer than in her babyhood.

When King Midas had grown quite an old man, and used to trot Marygold's children on his knee, he was fond of telling them this marvelous story, very much as it has now been told to you. And then he would stroke their glossy ringlets, and tell them their hair, likewise, had a rich shade of gold, which they had inherited from their mother.

"And to tell the truth, my precious little folks," said King Midas, diligently trotting the children all the while, "ever since that morning, I have hated the very sight of all other gold, save this!"

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. What made Midas very happy again?
2. Do you think that Midas made a wise choice?

OTHER QUESTIONS

1. What part of the story did you like best?
2. Do you sympathize with Midas? If so, why? If not, why not?

THINGS TO DO

1. Pick out the part of the story you liked best.
2. Make a little play out of it.
 - a. What characters would you like to have in your play?
 - b. How would they be dressed?
 - c. What would each one say?
 - d. What children would you select to play each part?
Can you give a reason for your selection?

HANS WHO MADE THE PRINCESS
LAUGH

A NORWEGIAN TALE

Adapted from PETER CHRISTEN ASBJÖRNSEN

How would you like to be known as “the boy or girl who never laughed”? People who heard this about you might say, “There must be something sad in the life of that child!” Well, once upon a time, there was a princess who never laughed, even though she had riches and everything to make her happy.

Many tried to make her laugh, but could not even get her to smile. One day — but that would be telling you the story. Read it and you will find out what happened. Perhaps you will laugh when you are reading the story.

A LONG, long time ago there was a king who had a very beautiful daughter. She was known far and wide and was beloved by all. But she was sad — so sad that she never

laughed. She was proud, too — so proud that she refused all who came to woo her.

The king did not like this at all. He thought that his daughter should marry. “She is old enough,” he said to himself, “and rich enough, too; for do I not intend to give her half of the kingdom?”

So, every week, the criers went about the country announcing that the man who could make the princess laugh should have her and half the kingdom. But, if any one tried and failed, he should receive three blows on his back. Sad to say, there were many sore backs in that kingdom.

Suitors came from every direction — north, east, south, and west. They thought it would be an easy thing to make the princess laugh. They were funny fellows; but, in spite of all their tricks and pranks, the princess remained as sad as ever.

Near the palace there lived a man who had three sons. All three wanted to try to make the princess laugh; so they agreed to take turns.

criers: In olden times there were no newspapers. Criers were sent about the towns shouting the news.

suitors: admirers of women who want to marry them.

pranks: jokes, tricks.

The eldest son was the first to try. He had been a soldier; — but what an awkward one he had been! Everybody who watched him go through his drill almost died laughing at him.

So he took a position in the garden outside of the princess's window where she would be sure to see him, and began to drill. But it was no use! The princess never even smiled. So he was given three blows on his back and sent away.

The second son thought he would like to try. He was a funny fellow. He could sing funny songs and make funny speeches; so he went into the garden to try to amuse the princess.

The king, who was present, laughed till he had to hang on to the doorpost. The princess, however, did not laugh, although at one time she seemed about to smile. So the second son received his punishment and went home.

Now the youngest son asked permission to try his luck. His name was Hans. His father told him it was no use to try. His brothers showed him their sore backs and told him how foolish it was for him to try to do something they had failed to do. They pleaded with him

awkward: clumsy.

pleaded: begged.

to be sensible, but Hans would not listen. At last the father and the brothers agreed to let him go to the palace.

When he arrived there, he did not say that he had come to make the princess laugh. He asked if he could get some kind of work to do. He was told that they had no work for him.

But Hans did not give up so easily.

“Don’t you want some one to carry wood and water for the kitchen maid?” he asked. After a talk with the maid and the butler, it was decided that he might stay to help in the kitchen.

One day, while he was at the brook getting water, he saw a big fish hiding under the root of a tree on the edge of the bank. He slipped his pail under the fish and caught it. As he was on his way to the palace he met an old woman who was leading a golden goose.

“Good day, mother!” said Hans. “That’s a fine bird you have. He has such splendid feathers that they shine a long way off.”

“Well, son!” replied the woman, “you have a wonderful fish in your basket. I’ll tell you what I’ll do. If you will give me your fish, I will give you this golden goose. And don’t

butler: manservant.

forget — this is no common goose. If any one touches it and says, ‘If you’ll come along, then hang on!’ he will stick fast to the goose.”



“A bird is as good as a fish any day,” Hans said to himself. Then aloud, he said, “I will gladly take the goose and give you the fish. If it is as you say, I might use it instead of a fishhook.”

He had not gone very far when he met another old woman. When she saw the fine **common: ordinary.**

golden goose, she wanted to stroke it. She asked Hans if she might.

“Oh, yes,” said Hans, “but you must not pluck off any of its feathers!” Just as she stroked the goose, Hans said,

“If you’ll come along, then hang on!”

The woman pulled and pulled; but she could not let go. Hans walked ahead, as if he had only the goose with him.

When he had gone a little farther, he met a man who hated the woman very much. When the man saw her trying so hard to pull away and get free, he laughed and gave her a little kick.

“If you’ll come along, then hang on!” said Hans. And there the man’s foot stuck. He had to hang on and jump along on one leg, whether he liked it or not.

So on they went till they came near to the palace. There they met the king’s blacksmith. He was on his way to the smithy, and he had a large pair of tongs in his hands.

This smith was a merry fellow, always full of pranks and tricks. When he saw the funny parade come jumping and limping along, he laughed till he was bent in two.

tongs: irons used to grasp and hold objects.

"This must be a new flock of geese for the princess," he said. Then he called, "Goosey, goosey!" and put out his hands as if he were feeding them corn.

But the parade did not stop. The woman and the man looked angrily at him, for making fun of them.

"It would be great fun to see if I could stop the whole flock," said the smith; and he ran up behind the procession.

He was a strong man. With his pair of tongs, he seized the man who was hopping along on one foot. Of course, the poor fellow shouted and struggled. Hans looked around and called out,

"If you'll come along, then hang on!"

So the smith had to hang on, too. He bent his back and stuck his heels into the ground when they went up a hill. He tried every way he knew to get away, but it was of no use. He had to dance along with the others.

When they reached the palace, the dog ran out at them, barking furiously. He made such a noise, that the princess came to the window to see what was the matter and — *burst out laughing!*

“Just wait a bit,” thought Hans, “and she will laugh louder still.” And he began to march his procession around the palace.



When they passed the kitchen, the cook looked out. She had a big porridge stick in one hand and a big ladle in the other. She laughed till her sides shook at the sight before her. But when she looked at the golden goose again, she thought it was so lovely that she wanted to stroke it.

procession: parade.

porridge: a food made by boiling flour or meal in water or milk.

“Hans! Hans!” she cried, running after him, “just let me stroke that beautiful goose of yours!”

As she was passing the smith, she couldn’t help giving him a little smack with her ladle, because he looked so funny.

“If you’ll come along, then hang on!” called Hans. So she stuck fast to the smith; and for all her pulling, she had to run along after him.

When the procession passed the window where the princess stood again, and she saw that they had the cook, too, with the ladle and the porridge stick, she laughed till the king had to hold her up.

And what do you think happened to Hans? He got the princess and half the kingdom, and they had a wedding that was talked about throughout the length and breadth of the land.

GUIDE TO SILENT READING AND HELPS TO STUDY AND UNDERSTANDING

1. Here’s a “yes-no” game you will like to play. Read the statement and call on a classmate to answer yes or no:
 - a. The sad princess was very proud.
 - b. The king promised to give all his kingdom to the man who made her laugh.

- c.* Each man who failed to make her laugh was to receive five lashes on the back.
 - d.* There were three sons who tried to make her laugh.
 - e.* The oldest was a sailor.
 - f.* When the second son appeared the princess almost laughed — but didn't.
 - g.* The youngest son found work to do in the palace kitchen.
 - h.* He bought the golden goose from an old woman.
 - i.* The cook wanted to stroke the golden goose.
 - j.* In the parade there were the old woman, the cook, the smith, and the king.
2. Do you think the suitors were foolish when they tried to make the princess laugh? Whether your answer is "Yes" or "No," tell why.
3. How did Hans get into the palace?
4. How did Hans get the "Golden Goose"?
5. What was remarkable about the goose?
6. What happened when any one touched the goose and certain words were used?
7. What were the magic words?
8. Have you a picture in your mind of the following and what happened to each?
 - a.* The old woman who wanted to stroke the goose.
 - b.* The man who tried to kick the woman.
 - c.* The blacksmith with his tongs.
 - d.* The cook striking the blacksmith with her ladle.
9. Now close your eyes and try to picture the whole parade as it passed the princess. If you had been the princess what would you have done?
10. Below is a list of ways of making people laugh. Which one made the princess laugh? Which one would be funniest to you?
 - a.* A magician with funny tricks.
 - b.* A clown with a funny face.
 - c.* Funny songs.
 - d.* Humorous stories.
 - e.* A funny parade.

SOMETHING ELSE TO DO

If you liked this story very much, you may perhaps want to make a play of it. Here are some helps.

1. What characters would you have? How many would you need?
2. What would you use for a goose?
3. What kind of boy would you choose for the part of king? For Hans?
4. What kind of girl would you choose for the princess? one who laughed easily or one who looked sad?
5. Other characters to think about:
 - a. The king's blacksmith.
 - b. The cook.

GOOD STORIES TO READ

Andersen, Hans Christian: *Fairy Tales*.

Aspinwall, Alicia: *Listen to Me Stories*.

Browne, Frances: *Granny's Wonderful Chair*.

Collodi, Carlo: *Pinocchio*.

France, Anatole: *Bee, Princess of the Dwarfs*.

Griffith, Eleanor: *Cho-Cho, the Health Fairy*.

Hays, Mrs. W. J.: *Adventures of Prince Lazybones*.

Ingelow, Jean: *Mopsa, the Fairy*.

Macdonald, George: *Princess and the Goblin*.

Winnington, Laura: *Outlook Fairy Book for Little People*.

SONGS OF NATURE

A DAY ¹

EMILY DICKINSON

How many of you have ever wakened so early in the morning that you were able to see the day begin? If you haven't, you should do so some time. You will then know how wonderful it is to see the sun rise, a "ribbon at a time." It is almost like seeing the coming of a new world. And then you stand and watch the gray slowly change into the bright light of day. Those who lie asleep late in the morning will never have the thrill which you will know.

Almost as beautiful is the end of the day, but it is not so beautiful as the beginning. Here is a poem that tells you how the day begins and how it ends.

I'LL tell you how the sun rose —
A ribbon at a time.

The steeple swam in amethyst,
The news like squirrels ran.

The hills untied their bonnets,
The bobolinks begun.

amethyst: a faint purple; lavender.

bobolink: the ricebird or reedbird that comes North in the spring. Do you know a poem about a bobolink? There's one by a poet named William Cullen Bryant, "Robert of Lincoln." Get it, and read it.

¹ Copyrighted by Little, Brown and Company.

Then said I softly to myself,
"That must have been the sun!"

But how he set I know not;
There seemed a purple stile
Which little yellow boys and girls
Were climbing all the while.

Till when they reached the other side,
A dominie in gray
Put gently up the evening bars,
And led the flock away.

stile: steps on each side of a fence, used instead of a gate.

dominie: minister.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. Let us imagine that we are watching a sunrise. If you have seen one, you will be able to arrange the following in the order in which you saw their colors. If you haven't, try to think it out for yourself. Remember that just before the sunrise the sky is still gray.
 - a. A slight graying in the night's darkness.
 - b. A faint pink.
 - c. A bright light.
 - d. A deep red.
2. What do you suppose the following lines mean?
 - a. "The steeple swam in amethyst."
 - b. "The hills untied their bonnets."
3. How does the poet tell us that the birds begin their songs at sunrise?

THINGS TO DO

With your crayons try to picture

- a. a sunrise.
- b. a sunset.

SONGS OF NATURE

THE MOON-SHEEP ¹

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

When night spreads her mantle of darkness over the earth, how we rejoice to see the moon rise in all her glory to shed her silver light over the land! Haven't you stared at this beautiful ball of light many times to search for the man or the lady, that poets tell us can be found there? But in the following selection, the poet, as he watched the moon sailing in the sky, was reminded of a sheep — that is why he called his poem, "The Moon-Sheep." After you read the poem, you will understand why these thoughts arose in the mind of the poet.

THE moon seems like a docile sheep,
 She pastures while all people sleep;
 But sometimes, when she goes astray,
 She wanders all alone by day.

Up in the clear blue morning air
 We are surprised to see her there,
 Grazing in her woolly white,
 Waiting the return of night.

When dusk lets down the meadow bars
 She greets again her lambs, the stars!

docile: easily managed.

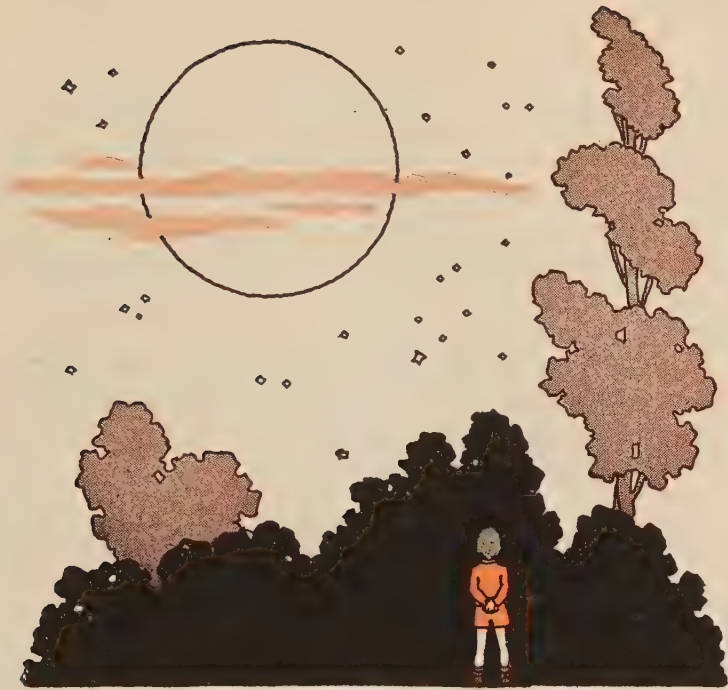
pastures: feeds.

astray: wandering.

grazing: eating grass.

dusk: twilight.

¹ From *Chimneysmoke*, by Christopher Morley, copyright, 1921, by Doubleday, Page and Company.



GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. In the first stanza the poet mentions two ways in which the moon reminds him of a sheep. Can you explain what these two ways are?
2. When is it unusual to see the moon in the sky?
3. In what way does the moon look like a sheep at this time?
4. What do you think the poet means by "woolly white"?
5. Why does the moon seem like a sheep in the evening?
6. Explain the line, "When dusk lets down the meadow bars."
7. Make a list of words in the poem that you would use in telling a story about sheep.

THE RIVULET

LUCY LARCOM

Have you ever been to the country? Did you notice a little brook as it wandered through the woods or through the meadows? And did you stop to play beside it? As you watched the brook run idly by, did you ever think what a wonderful story the little stream could tell? It could tell you where it came from, what it saw on its travels, and where it was going.

Did the little rivulet which you saw sing to you about the wooded hills, about flowers, and about waterfalls? When you read about the rivulet, you may be reminded of your little brook

RUN, little rivulet, run!

Summer is fairly begun.

Bear to the meadow the hymn of the pines,
And the echo that rings where the waterfall
shines;

Run, little rivulet, run!

Run, little rivulet, run!

Sing of the flowers, every one:

Of the delicate harebell and violet blue;
Of the red mountain rosebud, all dripping with
dew;

rivulet: a brook. **hymn:** a song of praise or thanksgiving.
delicate: frail, easily hurt.
harebell: a small, blue wildflower.

Run, little rivulet, run!

Carry the perfume you won
From the lily, that woke when the morning was
gray,
To the waiting moonbeam adrift on the bay;
Run, little rivulet, run!

Run, little rivulet, run!

Stay not till summer is done!
Carry the city the mountain bird's glee;
Carry the joy of the hills to the sea;
Run, little rivulet, run!

adrift: floating.

glee: joy or happiness.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. What lines in the poem make you think that the rivulet never stops, but is always flowing, flowing?
2. Who do you suppose is talking to the rivulet?
3. Here are a few of the expressions you will find in the poem. When you read them can you describe the picture that comes to your mind?
 - a. The hymn of the pines.
 - b. The echo that rings where the waterfall shines.
 - c. Red mountain rosebud, all dripping with dew.
 - d. The perfume you won from the lily.
4. Make a list of the flowers the rivulet has met in its travels. Have you ever seen any of them?
5. The brook, the poet tells us, carries joy with it. Complete these two expressions so that we may know where the brook carries that joy:
 - a. Carry the mountain bird's glee to
 - b. Carry the joy of the hills to

6. Can you tell about some brook you know?
7. If you wish to write about it, you could tell
 - a. where you saw it.
 - b. what story it might tell.
 - c. where it might be going.

If your story is interesting, you may read it to the class.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THE ROSE ¹

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

In Nature's garden of flowers, there is one that seems to reign as queen of them all. It is the rose. How we love the month of June, when the fragrance of rose blos-



soms fills the air! The poet thinks no other flower can compare with the rose. Do you agree with her?

THE lily has an air,
And the snowdrop a grace,
And the sweet pea a way,
And the heart's-ease a face —
Yet there's nothing like the rose
When she blows.

air: manner.

grace: beauty of form or movement.

blows: blooms.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. How many of the flowers mentioned in the poem do you recognize when you see them?
2. Tell the class the following facts about each of the flowers mentioned:
 - a. Color.
 - b. Size.
 - c. Where it can be found.
 - d. Season when it blooms.
3. What is another name for heart's-ease?
4. What does the poet mean by the line, "And the heart's-ease a face"?
5. What is your favorite flower? Why?
6. Do you know any other poem about the rose? If so, recite it to the class

THE THROSTLE

ALFRED TENNYSON

Have you ever tried to put words to the tune of our little feathered songsters? The poet who wrote the *throstle*: the thrush.

lowing poem has done that. See how well he has chosen his words to fit the trilling of the merry little warbler.

SUMMER is coming, summer is coming,
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, love again!"
Yes, my little wild Poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue.
Last year you sang it as gladly.
"New, new, new, new!" Is it then *so* new
That you should carol so madly?

"Love again, song again, nest again, young
again."
Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year!"
O warble, unhidden, unbidden!
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the winters are hidden.

carol: sing joyfully.

prophet (prŏf'ēt): one who has the power to tell beforehand,
things that are going to happen.

crazy: excited, carried away with his message.

unhidden: not found fault with.

unbidden: not asked or invited.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. How can you tell the parts of the song that are sung by the bird?
2. Who is supposed to be talking to the bird?
3. At what time of the year is the thrush singing this song?
4. Read the words of the poem that tell you of the coming of summer. Try to put into your reading the joy the bird feels. Remember that you are imitating the song of a bird.

The third line of this stanza will require practice until you can read it distinctly and without a pause.

5. Why is the bird called "a wild little poet"?
6. What is meant by "under the blue"?
7. Why is the bird called a "prophet"? What did he foretell?
8. "O warble unchidden, unbidden." Look at the meaning of the words in this line. Can you give the meaning of this line in your own words?

SUPPLEMENTARY MATERIAL

Read "Robert of Lincoln," by William Cullen Bryant. It is another poem that imitates the song of a bird.

If you have any records of bird songs, bring them to school for a Bird Song Program.

WHAT THE WINDS BRING

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

We all know that the sun and the rain are very precious to us. But we think of the wind as a nuisance and an annoyance. Perhaps if we stopped to think how necessary the winds are to us, we would think a little more kindly of them. Did you know that there were four winds? Here is a poem that tells about them.

WHICH is the wind that brings the cold?

The North Wind, Freddy, and all the snow;



And the sheep will scamper into the fold
When the North begins to blow.

Which is the Wind that brings the heat?
The South Wind, Katy; and corn will grow
And peaches redden for you to eat,
When the South begins to blow.

Which is the Wind that brings the rain?
The East Wind, Arty; and farmers know

scamper: run away quickly.

fold: the sheepfold; the inclosure in which the sheep are kept.

The cows come shivering up the lane,
When the East begins to blow.

Which is the Wind that brings the flowers?
The West Wind, Bessie; and soft and low
The birdies sing in the summer hours,
When the West begins to blow.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. How many winds are there?
2. What are their names?
3. Which is the wind that brings the cold? What else does it bring? What season have we when that wind blows?
4. Which is the wind that brings the heat? Why must we have the heat?
5. Which is the wind that brings the rain? Why do we need the rain?
6. Which is the wind that brings the flowers? What season have we when that wind blows?
7. What wind do you like the best of all? Why?

THE WORLD'S MUSIC

GABRIEL SETOUN

"The world is so full
Of a number of things
I'm sure we should all
Be as happy as kings."

In the poem "A Happy Thought," from which the stanza given above is taken, Robert Louis Stevenson makes us glad to be alive. Here, in "The World's Music," Gabriel Setoun gives the same idea. As you read it, you will note the many beautiful songs that Nature sings

for us. It is this idea that made the poet call this poem, "The World's Music."

THE world's a very happy place,
Where every child should dance and sing,
And always have a smiling face,
And never sulk for anything.

I waken when the morning's come,
And feel the air and light alive
With strange sweet music like the hum
Of bees about their busy hive.

The linnets play among the leaves
At hide-and-seek, and chirp and sing;
While, flashing to and from the eaves,
The swallows twitter on the wing.

And twigs that shake, and boughs that sway;
And tall old trees you could not climb;
And winds that come, but cannot stay,
Are singing gayly all the time.

sulk: be cross or disagreeable.

hive: house which the bee builds as his home.

linnet: a small singing bird.

eaves: the part of a roof that overhangs the building itself.

swallow: a small bird with a short, broad bill, long pointed wings, and a forked tail; noted for swiftness of flight.

twitter: utter short, rapid, chirping sounds.

on the wing: as they fly.



From dawn to dark the old mill-wheel
Makes music, going round and round;
And dusty-white with flour and meal,
The miller whistles to its sound.

The brook that flows beside the mill,
As happy as a brook can be,
Goes singing its old song until
It learns the singing of the sea.

For every wave upon the sands
Sings songs you never tire to hear,
Of laden ships from sunny lands
Where it is summer all the year.

The coals beneath the kettle croon,
And clap their hands and dance in glee;
And even the kettle hums a tune
To tell you when it's time for tea.

The world is such a happy place
That children, whether big or small,
Should always have a smiling face
And never, never sulk at all.

laden ships: ships well loaded with cargo.

croon: sing or hum.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. Why should every child have a smiling face and never sulk for anything?
2. Read the lines that tell you how the air and light feel when you awaken.
What words in this stanza do you like particularly well?
3. How do the linnets show that the world is a happy place?
4. What do the swallows do while "flashing to and from the eaves"?
5. What line exactly describes the flight of the swallows?
6. Read the fourth stanza and tell in the language of the poem some sounds that are added to the world's music.
7. Which lines in this stanza sound most musical to you?
8. How do the old mill-wheel and the miller make music?

9. How does the brook flow along on its way to join the singing sea?
10. What songs does "every wave upon the sands sing"?
11. Read the lines that tell what music might be heard in a kitchen.
12. What do the coals beneath the kettle do?
13. How does the kettle tell you when it's time for tea?
14. What reason for always being happy is given in the last stanza?
15. Read the stanza that tells the lesson the poem teaches.

FABLES

NOTE: The stories that follow are fables by a famous Greek writer named Æsop, who lived more than two thousand years ago. After you have read them, you will see that he had a purpose in writing such stories. Each of them teaches a useful lesson. Many of these fables are about animals which are made to talk and act like human beings.

See if you can tell the lesson each of these stories is intended to teach.

THE BEE THAT WISHED A STING

A FABLE

ÆSOP

ONCE upon a time there was a bee who made some sweet honey. She was very proud of her work and thought it would be nice if she should take some of the honey as a present to Jupiter, the king of the gods.

To herself, the bee said, "I know that Jupiter will be pleased with my present. Perhaps he will grant me *one* wish!"

Accordingly, she flew straight to the mountain home of Jupiter, carrying her gift. Jupiter greeted her warmly and thanked her for the sweet honey of which he was very fond.



“Now, little Bee,” he said, “you have been so kind to me that I want to do something for you. You may make one wish and I will grant it!”

It had turned out just as the bee thought. Here was her chance! She had been very much annoyed by bad boys who had been stealing all the honey she made. This gave her an idea. Why not get something with which she could protect herself from these boys?

So she replied, “Oh, Jupiter, please give me a

sting. I want a sting that will kill. I want to kill any one that will steal my honey!”

Jupiter was surprised and angry to hear this wish. She wanted a sting that would kill! He had not expected anything like that. But he had promised to grant her wish, so he said —

“You surprise me, little Bee. I did not think that you would ask for a sting that would kill. That is bad. However, I promised to grant your wish and I must keep my word. I will give you a sting that will kill, just as you asked. But it will not kill others. It will kill you! Your sting will hurt those who steal your honey but with your sting you will die!”

In this way the bee got her sting, but even to-day, when a bee uses her sting on any one, she dies soon afterward.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. What did the bee plan to do with the honey which she had made?
2. What did she hope Jupiter would do, when he received her gift?
3. How did Jupiter offer to reward her?
4. What had been annoying the bee very much?
5. What wish did she ask of Jupiter?
6. How did Jupiter feel about her wish?
7. What did Jupiter say to the bee?
8. What happens to a bee when she uses her sting?
9. What do you think about the bee's wish? Do you think she was punished properly? Tell why.

THE BELL AND THE CAT

ÆSOP

A NUMBER of mice lived in a great, big house. In this house, there also lived a cat who watched the place so carefully, that the mice



were in great fear of her. Not one of them dared to venture out of his hole in search of food.

Soon, they were in danger of dying of starvation. In their trouble they called a meeting to talk the matter over. In the midst of the discussion, a young, conceited mouse stood up and said:

“My friends, after thinking this matter over carefully, I have discovered a plan which I am sure will save us all. I suggest that we tie a bell around the cat’s neck. Then when she moves about, the bell will ring and we shall always be warned when she is near.”

The plan sounded so good that the mice applauded very loudly. After the applause had died out, an old mouse who had not spoken before, said:

“I agree with you all that the plan is excellent but I want to ask our young friend who has been so clever as to think of it, to please tell us how we are to carry it out? I WANT TO KNOW WHO IS GOING TO BELL THE CAT?”

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. Why were the mice afraid to venture out in search of food?
2. What danger did they find themselves in? What did they do because of this?

3. What plan did one young mouse offer to the others?
4. How did the mice feel about this plan?
5. What did the old mouse ask the young one?
6. Who do you think was the really clever mouse — the young one or the old one? Why?
7. What do you think this fable teaches us?
8. Why isn't it wise to boast about your plans?

THE BOY, THE MAN, AND THE DONKEY

ÆSOP

A MAN and his son were leading a donkey to market. A girl who saw them cried out: "Why do you walk, when you can ride?"

Thereupon, the man lifted the boy up on the donkey's back.

As they went on, they heard an old man say: "What a shame it is for the young to ride while old people walk!"

The father immediately told his son to get down off the donkey and rode himself.

Presently they met a group of women who cried: "Look at the poor tired boy and the lazy father!"

As soon as he heard this, the man took his son up beside him and so they rode into the town.

A young man who was watching them, called out: "Two people on one beast! It seems to



me you are more fit to carry the donkey than he is to carry you!"

So they both got down. They tied the beast's legs to a pole, and carried him in this way until they came to a bridge. As they went along, the children laughed and shouted so loudly that the donkey took fright. He kicked his legs free and jumped over the bridge into the river.

After he had lost his donkey, the man went home saying: "Try to please everybody and you will please nobody — not even yourself!"

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. How did the man and boy start out for the market?
2. What question did the girl ask the man?

3. How did the man answer it?
4. What did the old man say as he saw the group pass by?
5. What action did the man take as a result of this scolding?
6. For what reason did the women find fault with the man?
7. What did they do when the young man found fault with them?
8. What did the children do as they saw them walking along in this fashion?
9. Do you think it wise to pay so much attention to what people say? Why?
10. What lesson does this story teach?

THE FOX AND THE GOAT

ÆSOP

ONE day a fox met a goat on a very dusty road. They walked together for a long time, talking about different things. The sun was hot and they became very thirsty.

"I wish we could find some water," said the fox.

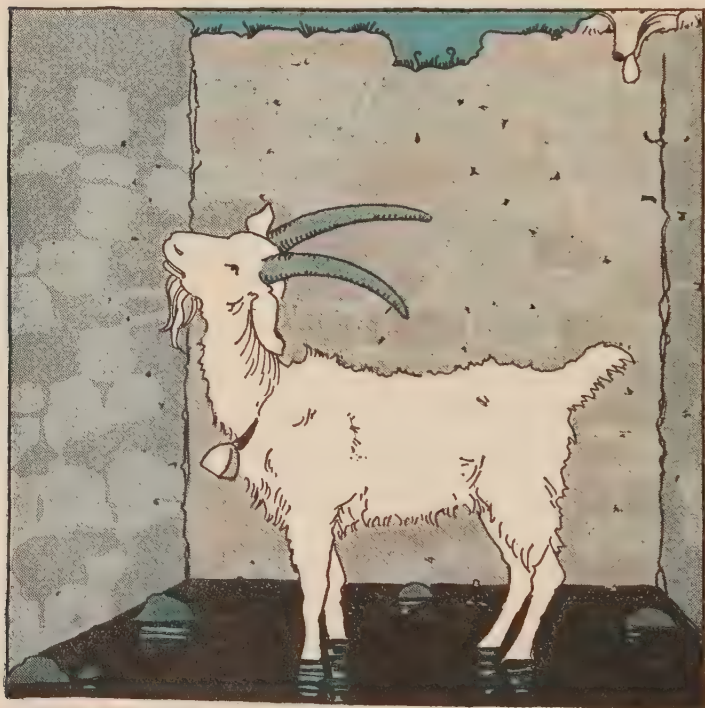
"So do I," replied the goat. "If we don't find some soon, I shall die of thirst."

"Ah," said the fox, "I see a well yonder. Let's go down into it and drink until our thirst is quenched."

"That is a very good idea," said the goat. So they went down into the well.

After they had drunk as much water as they wanted, they found that they could not get out of the well.

Now as you know, the goat is a simple creature and not very clever, while the fox is a master of trickery.



“Look here, Mr. Goat, what are we going to do now? We’ve got to get out of here somehow! I’ll tell you what I think you had better do. You stand up on your hind legs against the wall. Then, I can get on your back, and, by the aid of your horns I will be able to get out. Once I am out I can easily help you.”

“By my beard,” said the goat, “that’s a very good idea. I should never have thought of it. How I wish I had your brains!”

The goat did as the fox suggested, but when the fox got out of the well, he began to make fun of his companion. At last he said: “Too bad, old fellow! You’ll have to be very patient. If you had half as much brains as you have beard, you would never have gone down into the well. I am very sorry, indeed, that I can’t stay here any longer. I must hurry on about my business. Ta, ta!”

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. What happened to the fox and the goat as they walked along the dusty road?
2. What did the fox suddenly discover?
3. What suggestion did he make to the goat?
4. What trouble did they find themselves in, after they had quenched their thirst?
5. What plan did the fox propose to the goat?
6. What do you think of the goat for accepting this plan?
7. What was the result of this stupidity on the part of the goat?
8. In the following list tell which words apply to the goat and which to the fox:
shrewd cunning wise tricky trusting
clever simple foolish ungrateful innocent
9. What is the moral of this fable?

THE HARE AND THE HOUND

ÆSOP

ONE day a hound spied a fine young hare in the forest.

“Ah!” he said to himself, “what a fine dinner you will make for me!”

He started after the hare, but she was such a splendid runner that the hound at last found himself out of breath. He was forced to give up the chase. When he returned home, his master said: “You are a fine hound! You should hide your head in shame to have allowed a hare to beat you in a race.”

“Ah, master,” answered the hound, “it is very well for you to laugh, but you forget that the hare and I were not running with the same idea in mind.”

“What do you mean?” asked the master.

“I mean,” said the hound, “that the hare was running to save her life, while I was running for my dinner. You will agree, that that made all the difference in the world.”

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. When the hound discovered the hare, what plan did he immediately make?

hare: an animal very much like a rabbit.

2. What did the hound learn as he started to chase the hare?
3. Why did the master scold the hound upon his return?
4. What explanation did the hound give the master for losing the race?
5. Was the reason the true one? What makes you think so?

GOOD STORIES TO READ

Baldwin, James: *Fairy Stories and Fables*.

Herford, Oliver: *The Herford Æsop*.

Scudder, Horace E.: *Book of Fables and Folk Stories*.

Tuttle, Veryl B.: *The Frightened Tree and Other Stories*.

Wiggin, K. D., and Smith, Nora A.: *Talking Beasts*.

Wright, I. L.: *With the Little Folks*.

SEASONS AND FESTIVALS

ARBOR DAY¹

ANNETTE WYNNE

More than fifty years ago — to be more exact, in the year 1872 — the State of Nebraska set aside a day for the planting of trees. To-day in most of the States of our great country that day, called Arbor Day, is set aside for all of us, city people as well as country folk, to welcome the coming of Spring. If we cannot plant a shrub or tree, we can, at least, think of the lovely work of Nature. After you have read this poem, you should feel as the poet felt about Arbor Day.

ON Arbor Day

We think of birds and greening trees,
Of meadowlands and humming bees,
Of orchards far from crowded town,
Of heights where streams go tumbling down,
Wee mountain rills that sing and play —
On Arbor Day.

Of how the treetops coax the rain
From flying clouds till hill and plain

greening: becoming green. **orchard:** a field of fruit trees.
wee mountain rills: small mountain streams.
coax: invite; encourage.

¹ Reprinted by permission from *For Days and Days: A Year-Round Treasury of Verse for Children*, by Annette Wynne. Copyright, 1919, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Are clean and fresh from sea to sea;
We plant a seed; a tiny tree
Wakes up and throws aside the clod,
And stretches for the climb toward God.
We sing a song for the joy of May —
On Arbor Day.

clod: a lump of earth.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. Read the lines that give a number of things we think about on Arbor Day.
2. Read the lines in the second stanza that tell what happens when we plant a seed.
3. In what month does Arbor Day usually come? Read the line which gives the answer.
4. What other word can you use instead of "heights" in the first stanza?
5. What makes the "hill and plain clean and fresh from sea to sea"? Read the three lines that give the complete answer.
6. What makes the "clouds" fly?
7. What does "throw away the clod" mean to you?
8. Which line tells what the plant does after it breaks through the earth? Explain that line.
9. Which line of the poem shows that the poet is happy on Arbor Day?

AUTUMN ¹

EMILY DICKINSON

Autumn is the season when color is king! At this season Mother Nature dips her brushes into her paint pots and spreads her favorite colors of red and orange,

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yellow and gold, plentifully and carelessly over mountain, hillside, and valley.

Doesn't beautiful autumn make you want to be jolly and gay, too? Perhaps you have some special way of showing your joy at this season. Is it by wearing something bright, as Dame Autumn does?

THE morns are meeker than they were,
The nuts are getting brown;
The berry's cheek is plumper,
The rose is out of town.
The maple wears a gayer scarf,
The field a scarlet gown.
Lest I should be old-fashioned
I'll put a trinket on.

meeker: less bold.

plumper: fatter.

lest: for fear that.

trinket: a small piece of jewelry which is not expensive.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. What changes of the autumn season does the poet point out to you in this little poem?
2. Which of these changes could you see if you lived in the city? In the country?
3. Name two colors of autumn spoken of in the poem.
4. What is meant by "berry's cheek is plumper"?
5. Explain "the rose is out of town." When is the rose in town?
6. Have you ever seen the maple in her gay scarf? What color was it?
7. How will the poet dress to be in fashion with autumn?

THINGS TO DO

Draw a picture as the poet sees it. How many different colors do you need?

THE FAIRIES¹

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

Of course there are fairies. They were created long ago when people began to believe in beautiful things. You never saw one? Well, how could you? They come out very late on starry nights, and walk about on the steepest crags and down along the rocks on the shore. They live in flower cups and dance on rose thorns. Oh, they're so tiny that one hardly sees them at first, but then, as one looks closely, one sees the most beautiful little folk with spotted wings and light, airy bodies. People who have seen fairies are very fortunate. The poet must have seen them for he tells us so much about them, that we, too, see them just as clearly as he did.

UP the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home,

rushy glen: a narrow valley filled with tall grasses.

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They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watchdogs,
All night awake.

High on the hilltop
The old King sits;
He is now so old and gray
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkil he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses.
Or going up with music
On cold starry nights
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;

crispy: hard, but easily broken.

tide foam: Have you ever seen the waves break on the shore?
Did you notice the edge of soapy, flaky bubbles? That's
what tide foam looks like.

reeds: tall, hollow grass. **wits:** senses; wisdom.

white mist: haze. Mist is very, very fine rain. We notice the
white mist very early in the morning.

sup: eat supper.



When she came down again
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow,
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lake,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hillside,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn trees
For pleasure here and there.
If any man so daring
As dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

craggy: rocky; steep.

mosses: very low plants that grow on rocks, tree stumps, and the ground.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. Where would you look for the fairies? Read the lines that give the answer.
2. Read the lines that tell where some of these fairies live.
3. Who watches those fairies who live on the edge of the mountain lake?
4. Where does the King live? If you were to paint his picture, how would you describe him?
5. How does he spend a good deal of his time?

6. What did the fairies do with little Bridget?
7. Why are they still watching her?
8. What happens to the man who disturbs their thorn trees?

THINGS TO DO

1. Ask your mother or your teacher to tell you about the Northern Lights.
2. Cut out a wee doll. Make it look like a fairy by dressing it in a green jacket and a red cap. Be sure, however, to put a white owl's feather in its cap to make it look like the fairies described by the poet.
3. Read the following when you want some interesting fairy poems:

Thomas H. Bayly: "Oh, Where Do Fairies Hide Their Heads?"

Mary Howitt: "The Fairies of Caldon-Low."

Robert Bird: "The Fairy Folk."

Abbie Farwell Brown: "The Fairy Books."

See also "Queen Mab," in this book.

A THANKSGIVING FABLE

OLIVER HERFORD

Thanksgiving Day is one of the greatest holidays of the year. All over the land families celebrate this occasion by preparing big feasts to which many people are invited. Even in "Tabby-Land," it is a big day, but, of course, Mrs. Pussy isn't as fortunate as children are — she isn't invited to a feast. She has to hunt for her dinner, and sometimes she is fooled when she is certain she has found it. That's what happened to the pussy in this fable. Will you be sorry for her?

IT was a hungry pussy cat, upon Thanksgiving
morn,
And she watched a thankful little mouse, that
ate an ear of corn.

“If I ate that thankful little mouse, how thankful he should be,

When he has made a meal himself, to make a meal for me!

Then with his thanks for having fed, and his thanks for feeding me,

With all this thankfulness inside, how thankful I should be!”

Thus mused the hungry pussy cat, upon Thanksgiving Day;

But the little mouse had overheard and declined (with thanks) to stay.

mused: thought.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. What did the pussy cat see on Thanksgiving morn?
2. What did the pussy plan to do with the mouse?
3. Why did she think the mouse should be thankful to her?
Do you agree with Mrs. Pussy?
4. Why would the pussy have reason to be very thankful, if she succeeded in eating the mouse?
5. Why didn't the pussy cat's plan work?
6. Read the poem so as to bring out the fun in it.
7. Which of these words would you use to describe the pussy cat?
generous greedy selfish cruel kind
8. Which of these words describe the mouse?
timid thankful wise selfish polite
9. Did you like the fable? Tell the class why.
10. See if you can make up a fable something like this one.
It may be about
 - a. a dog and a rabbit.
 - b. a fox and a chicken.
 - c. a wolf and a lamb.

THE THREE LITTLE SHIPS¹

ANNETTE WYNE

The little poem that follows was written in honor of the three ships in which Columbus and his sailors sailed the ocean blue.

In fourteen hundred and ninety-two, these were the brave little ships, as the poet points out, that led the way across the strange ocean to the new land of America. Have you seen some of the big ocean liners of to-day, like the Leviathan or the Bremen? It is hard to realize that those little sailing vessels showed these big ocean liners the way to our shores.

THERE are great big ships and they ride all
day,
And they hurry to good lands far away,
But there never were ships so brave as the
three,
The Pinta, the Nina, the Santa Marie!

With engines that jar and puff through the
gales
The big ships go; but good strong sails
The little ships had, and they spread them free
On the Pinta, the Nina, the Santa Marie!

Pinta (pēn'tá). **Nina** (nēn'yá).
Santa Marie (săn'tá mă'rě').

¹ Reprinted by permission from *For Days and Days: A Year-Round Treasury of Verse for Children*, by Annette Wynne. Copyright, 1919, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.



O great big ships that forever ride,
These little ships found you your way through
the tide,
And never shall ships be brave as the three,
The Pinta, the Nina, the Santa Marie!

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. Why does the poet say that the three little ships were braver than the big ones to-day?
2. What kind of vessels were these ships of Columbus?
3. What were some of the dangers that Columbus and his men had to face while crossing the Atlantic?

4. Find a line in the poem that
- a. shows the kind of man Columbus was.
 - b. tells what the three little ships did for the vessels that followed after.

A VISIT FROM SAINT NICHOLAS

CLEMENT CLARK MOORE

Christmas Eve is the one night when all children are willing to go to bed without coaxing. They know, of course, that unless they do, Santa Claus will not stop, as he dashes on in his sleigh to deliver their Christmas gifts. Wouldn't you be delighted if you could really see jolly old Saint Nicholas and his reindeer some Christmas Eve? Ask your daddy if anything like the events you are going to read about in this poem ever happened to him.

'T WAS the night before Christmas, when all
through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with
care,

In hopes that Saint Nicholas soon would be
there;

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their
heads;

And Mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's
nap —

kerchief: a square of cloth worn on the head or neck.

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a luster of midday to objects below:
When what to my wondering eyes should
appear

But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be Saint Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted, and called them
by name:

“Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer!
now, Vixen!

On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder! and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!”

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet an obstacle, mount to the sky,

clatter: a rattling noise.

miniature: very small.

coursers: swift and spirited horses.

obstacle: something that blocks the way; a hindrance.



So, up to the housetop the coursers, they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys — and Saint
Nicholas too;

And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney Saint Nicholas came with
a bound.

He was dressed all in fur from his head to his
foot,

And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes
and soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his
pack.

His eyes, how they twinkled; his dimples, how
merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a
cherry;

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the
snow.

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a
wreath.

He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full
of jelly.

He was chubby and plump — a right jolly
old elf —

And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of
myself.

tarnished: stained.

encircled: surrounded.

A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spake not a word, but went straight to his
work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a
jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a
whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a
thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere they drove out
of sight,
“Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-
night!”

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. Why was everything so quiet in the house on Christmas Eve?
2. What happened in the midst of the stillness?
3. What did the man see as he opened the shutters?
4. Why could he see so plainly, late at night?
5. What lines in the poem tell you that the reindeer traveled quickly?
6. How did the father know that Saint Nicholas was on the roof?
7. How did Santa come down the chimney?
8. Tell how he looked as he entered the room.
9. How did the man know he didn't have to be afraid of old Saint Nicholas?

10. What lines in the poem show you that Santa Claus worked quickly and quietly?
11. How did Santa start on the journey again?
12. What did he exclaim as he drove off?
13. If you enjoyed this poem, tell the class your reasons for liking it.
14. Select the passages in the poem that you like best and read them to the class.
15. What lines in the poem made you laugh? Read them to the class.

NATURE STORIES

BROTHER RABBIT AND BROTHER FOX

Adapted from JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

Many times when we are offered a choice between two things we like very much, we find it very difficult to choose. We would rather some one made the choice for us; it would be so much easier.

In this Brother Rabbit story, we find Brother Fox in a similar trouble. Two parties to go to — at each the finest of good things to eat; which he chose, you'll have to find out for yourselves by reading this story.

I

ONCE upon a time, when Brother Fox and myself were living on pretty good terms with each other, we received an invitation to a barbecue that Brother Wolf was going to give on the following Saturday. The next day we received an invitation to a barbecue that Brother Bear was going to give on the same Saturday.

I made up my mind at once to go to Brother Bear's barbecue, because I knew he would have fresh roasting ears of corn; and if there's anything I like better than another, it is fresh roasting ears of corn.

barbecue: an open-air feast where a whole animal is sometimes roasted.

I asked Brother Fox whether he was going to Brother Bear's barbecue or to Brother Wolf's, but he shook his head. He said he hadn't made up his mind.



I went about my work as usual. Cold weather was coming on, and I wanted to get my crops in before the big freeze came. But I noticed that Brother Fox was mighty restless in his mind. He didn't do a stroke of work. He'd sit down, and then he'd get up; he'd

stand still and look up in the tops of the trees, and then he'd walk back and forth with his hands behind him and look down at the ground.

I says to him, says I, "I hope you are not sick, Brother Fox."

Says he, "Oh, no, Brother Rabbit; I never felt better in my life."

I says to him, says I, "I hope I'll have the pleasure of your company to the barbecue to-morrow."

Says he, "I can't tell, Brother Rabbit; I can't tell. I haven't made up my mind. I may go to the one, or I may go to the other; but which it will be, I can't tell you to save my life."

As the next day was Saturday, I was up bright and early. I dug my goobers and spread them out to dry in the sun; and then, ten o'clock, as near as I could judge, I started out to the barbecue.

Brother Wolf lived near the river; and Brother Bear lived right on the river, a mile or two below Brother Wolf's. About three miles beyond our house, the big road forked;

goobers: peanuts.

forked: branched off.

one prong going to Brother Wolf's house, and the other prong going to Brother Bear's house.



Well, when I came to the forks of the road, whom should I see there but old Brother Fox! I stopped before he saw me, and watched him. He went a little way down one road, and licked his chops; then he came prong: one of the sharp points of the fork. In the story, the meaning is one of the two roads. licked his chops: licked his jaws with his tongue.

back and went a little way down the other road, and licked his chops.

Not choosing to be late, I showed myself and passed the time of day with Brother Fox. I said, says I, that if he was going to Brother Bear's barbecue, I'd be glad to have his company. But he said, says he, that he wouldn't keep me waiting. He had just come down to the forks of the road to see if that would help him to make up his mind.

I told him I was mighty sorry to miss his company and his conversation, and then I tipped my hat good-day and went down the road that led to Brother Bear's house.

Well, when I got a whiff of the barbecue, I was truly glad I had come — truly glad. It was a fine barbecue, too. There was lamb and kid, cooked to a turn and well-seasoned; and then there was the hash made out of the giblets. I'll not tell you any more about the dinner, except that I'd like to have one

cooked to a turn: well-cooked.

well-seasoned: well-flavored.

hash: a dish of chopped and cooked meat.

giblets: the inner organs of a fowl that are taken out when the fowl is to be stuffed for roasting; for example, the liver, the stomach, and the heart.

like it every Saturday in the year. If I happened to be too sick to eat it, I could sit up and look at it. Anyhow, we all had enough and to spare.

II

After we had finished with the barbecue and were sitting in Brother Bear's front porch smoking our pipes, I happened to mention to Brother Bear something about Brother Wolf's barbecue. I said, says I, that I thought I'd go by Brother Wolf's house as I went on home, though it was a bit out of the way, just to see how the land lay.

Says Brother Bear, says he, "If you'll wait till my company take their leave, I don't mind trotting over to Brother Wolf's with you. The walk will help settle my dinner."

So, about two hours by sun, we started out and went to Brother Wolf's house. Brother Bear knew a short cut, and it didn't take us more than half an hour to get there.

Brother Wolf was just bidding his company good-by; and, when they had all gone, he had us go in and taste his mutton stew; and then he declared he'd think right hard

of us if we didn't drink a mug or two of his persimmon beer.

I said, says I, "Brother Wolf, have you seen Brother Fox to-day?"

Brother Wolf said, says he, "I declare, I haven't seen hair nor hide of Brother Fox. I don't see why he didn't come. He's always keen to go where there's fresh meat a-frying."

I said, says I, "The reason I asked you was because I left Brother Fox at the forks of the road this morning, trying to make up his mind whether he'd eat at your house or at Brother Bear's."

"Well, I'm mighty sorry," says Brother Wolf, says he; "Brother Fox never missed a finer chance to pick a bone than he's had to-day. Please tell him so for me."

I said I would, and then I bade Brother Wolf and Brother Bear good-by and set out for home. I came to the forks of the road before the sun went down.

You may not believe it, but, when I got there, Brother Fox was there, going through

persimmon: an orange-colored, plum-like fruit.

hair nor hide: an expression meaning "not a part of." Here the meaning is "haven't seen him at all."

keen: sharp. Here the meaning is "glad."

the same motions that had made me laugh in the morning — running down one road and licking his chops, and then running down the other and licking his chops.

Says I, "I hope you had a good dinner at Brother Wolf's to-day, Brother Fox."

Says he, "I've had no dinner."

Says I, "That's mighty funny. Brother Bear had a famous barbecue; and I thought Brother Wolf was going to have one, too."

Says Brother Fox, "Is dinner over? Is it too late to go?"

Says I, "Why, Brother Fox, the sun's nearly down. By the time you get to Brother Bear's house, he'll be gone to bed; and by the time you go across the swamp to Brother Wolf's house, the chickens will be crowing for day."

"Well, well, well!" says Brother Fox, "I've been all day trying to make up my mind which road I'd take, and now it's too late."

And that was the fact. The poor creature had been all day trying to make up his mind which road he'd take. And not a bit of dinner did he have.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. To whose parties were Brother Rabbit and Brother Fox invited?
2. On what day were these parties to be held?
3. Why did Brother Rabbit decide to go to Brother Bear's barbecue?
4. Why did Brother Rabbit think that Brother Fox was ill?
5. Tell what Brother Rabbit had to eat at Brother Bear's barbecue.
6. What did Brother Bear and Brother Rabbit do after Brother Bear's company had gone?
7. Tell what strange sight met Brother Rabbit's eyes at the fork of the road that evening.
8. What was Brother Fox doing?
9. Why was he acting that way?
10. To which barbecue did Brother Fox go?
11. What is the lesson this story teaches you?

TO SHOW THAT YOU REMEMBER WHAT YOU READ, FILL IN THE BLANKS WITH THE CORRECT WORDS:

1. Brother Fox and Brother Rabbit were invited to and barbecues.
2. Both of these parties were to be held on the same
3. Brother Fox couldn't make up his mind as to
4. He showed his restlessness by, by, and by
5. This frightened Brother Rabbit who thought Brother Fox
6. The day of the party, Brother Rabbit met Brother Fox at
7. Brother Fox
8. Brother Rabbit enjoyed himself immensely, for he ate, and, and, and
9. After the party at Brother Bear's house, Brother Rabbit and Brother Bear visited
10. They learned that Brother Fox had

11. On the way home from Brother Wolf's house, Brother Rabbit met He was
 12. Brother Fox missed both barbecues because

THINGS TO DO

Make a play out of this story. How many characters would there be? How many scenes would you have? Remember, in writing out the play, you should also give directions to the actors as to how they should talk and act. Which character would talk the most? Remember the Fox doesn't say much. He must act so well that the audience can see how restless he is because of the great choice he has to make.

PICCIOLA

Adapted

A little more than one hundred years ago there lived a little man who wanted to conquer the world. He almost succeeded, too. His thoughts seemed to be always about armies and battles. However, he was no different from you and me. He loved his fellowmen and the gifts of Nature. When you grow up, you will read of this man, Napoleon, in your history book. This story tells us how he saved a tree.

BEFORE Napoleon became Emperor of France, he made many enemies. One man whose name was Charney felt very bitter towards Napoleon because the Emperor had imprisoned him.

Picciola: Pēt'-chō-lā.

emperor: ruler of an empire.

imprisoned: put in jail.

The prison was a very quiet place — so quiet that Charney was very lonesome. There was nothing that he could do from dawn till dark. Not even paper and pen were allowed him. No comrade or brother prisoner was there to talk to. He was lonesome, indeed.

To amuse himself Charney counted the stones which had been used in paving the prison yard. Charney, however, had learned a long time before just how many stones had been used! But he had to do something!

One day he counted the stones as usual: one, two, three, four. Then he stopped! There between two stones was the tiniest green plant he had ever seen.

Watching the little plant day after day pushing its way through the hard stones, and lifting its leaves to the half-hidden sun, gave strength to Charney. The plant and the prisoner became fast friends.

Like a true friend, who would give his life for his friend, Charney planned to give his life for this little newcomer who could not talk. The plant grew beautiful and strong

dawn: break of the day.
amuse: entertain.

comrade: a close friend.



as the warm spring days came on. Many times it was nearly crushed by the heavy boots of some man who came to feed the prisoner. "I must protect my friend," said Charney. He built a little fence about it. The plant seemed to grow more and more rapidly. "I must give it a name," thought the lonely prisoner. "I shall call it Picciola."

Picciola soon had flowers, many of them. It became so big and beautiful that there was

no further room for its growth. The flowers began to droop. The leaves began to curl up. "Surely the plant will die if the stones are not removed, for they are choking Picciola to death," said Charney sadly.

The keeper could not move the stones; only one man, the Emperor, could do that. Now Charney hated Napoleon, his Emperor. "Must I ask him to save my plant?" he asked. But he wanted Picciola to live! He therefore decided to humble his pride and send a plea to the monarch.

For ink he used some soot; for a pen, a sharp stick; for paper, his handkerchief. The daughter of the jailer promised to carry it to Napoleon!

It was not long after this that Charney was set free. "If a man is so kind that he will cherish a plant, he cannot really belong in prison," said Napoleon.

So like true friends, Charney saved Picciola's life and Picciola saved Charney's life! But I really believe God saved both.

humble his pride: forget his personal feelings.

monarch: supreme ruler.

cherish: care for or protect with tenderness.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. Tell how the plant might have got into the prison yard.
2. If you had no pen, pencil, ink, or paper, how could you write a message?
3. Why do you believe Charney was thrown in prison?
4. How did Charney know that the plant was dying?
5. If you were locked in an empty room alone with nothing to do, what might you do to amuse yourself?

IF YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU HAVE READ YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO ANSWER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS:

1. The Emperor of France was
 - a. Napoleon?
 - b. Charney?
 - c. Picciola?
2. To amuse himself, Charney
 - a. planted a little seedling?
 - b. counted the stones?
 - c. wrote a letter to Napoleon?
3. Napoleon freed Charney because
 - a. he had served his term?
 - b. they had become good friends?
 - c. he showed his love and care for a tiny plant?
4. Picciola would have died because
 - a. there was not enough sunshine?
 - b. it had not enough water?
 - c. it had no room to grow?

GOOD STORIES TO READ

Burgess, T. W.: *Adventures of Bob White*.

Burroughs, John: *Squirrels and other Fur-Bearers*.

Carter, M. H.: *Cat Stories*.

Judson, K. B.: *Old Crow and His Friends*.

Long, W. J.: *Ways of Wood Folk*.

Noel, Maurice: *Buzz*.

Seton, E. T.: *Krag and Johnny Bear*.

Wesselhoeft, L. F.: *Jack, the Fire Dog*.

Wimar, A.: *Curly-Haired Hen*.

PATRIOTIC POEMS

FLAG OF THE FREE ¹

WALTER TAYLOR FIELD

When we see the flag, our hearts beat just a bit faster and our heads are raised just a bit higher than usual. That's because our "Red, White, and Blue" means so much to us. Here is a poem that tells what the flag stands for.

LOOK at the flag as it floats on high,
Streaming aloft in the clear, blue sky,
Rippling, leaping, tugging away,
Gay as the sunshine, bright as the day,
Throbbing with life, where the world may
see —

Flag of our country, flag of the free!

What do we see in the flag on high,
That we bare our heads as we pass by,
That we thrill with pride, and our hearts beat
fast,

aloft: high up.

rippling: If you've watched the folds of the flag as the wind played through them, you'll understand what rippling means.

throbbing: The heart throbs. The poet wants us to see that the flag is alive and is beating as our hearts are beating.

bare: uncover.

¹ By permission of the author, Walter Taylor Field, and the publishers, Ginn and Company.

And we cheer and cheer as the flag goes past —
The flag that waves for you and me —
Flag of our country, flag of the free!

We see in the flag a nation's might,
The pledge of a safeguard day and night,
Of a watchful eye and a powerful arm
That guard the nation's homes from harm,
Of a strong defense on land and sea —
Flag of our country, flag of the free!

We see in the flag a union grand,
A brotherhood of heart and hand,
A pledge of love and a stirring call,
To live our lives for the love of all —
Helpful and just and true to thee,
Flag of our country, flag of the free!

Flutter, dear flag, o'er the lands and the seas!
Fling out your stars and your stripes to the
breeze,
Righting all wrongs, dispelling all fear,

might: power.

safeguard: protection.

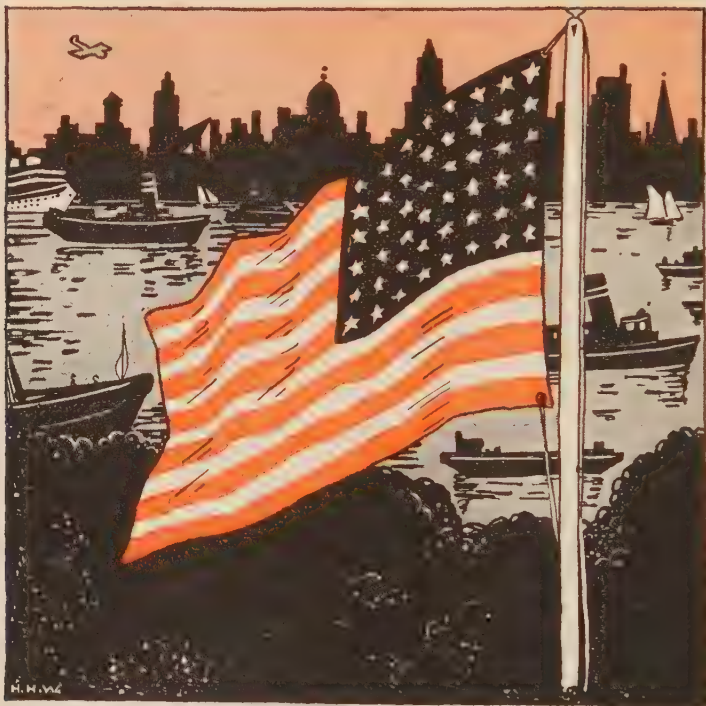
defense: guard, protection.

brotherhood: a joining together.

dispelling: driving out.

pledge: promise.

flutter: wave.



Guarding the land that we cherish so dear,
And the God of our fathers, abiding with thee,
Will bless you and trust you, O flag of the free!

cherish: love.

abiding: staying.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. What flag is the author referring to?
2. What makes the flag ripple, leap, and tug away?
3. List the things that we see in the flag.
4. Who guards the nation's homes from harm?
5. Who guards us on land and sea?
6. How can we help to make our country a "union grand"?
List the things we can do.

MEMORIAL DAY ¹

ANNETTE WYNNE

Memorial Day is set aside for the brave dead who lost their lives in the noble struggle for our freedom. The fact that there is one day given up to the memory of these dead does not mean, however, that they are to be forgotten with that day. The memory of their glorious sacrifice should be with us always. We should show our appreciation and respect for them not only in thought and word, but also in our actions!

Is it enough to think to-day
Of all our brave, then put away
The thought until a year has sped?
Is this full honor for our dead?

Is it enough to sing a song
And deck a grave; and all year long
Forget the brave who died that we
Might keep our great land proud and free?

Full service needs a greater toll —
That we who live give heart and soul

sped: gone by.

deck a grave: to cover a grave with flowers.

full service: remembering these dead as they deserve, and paying them in full for what they did for us.

toll: payment.

¹ Reprinted by permission from *For Days and Days: A Year-Round Treasury of Verse for Children*, by Annette Wynne. Copyright, 1919, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

To keep the land they died to save,
And be ourselves, in turn, the brave!

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. On what day do we celebrate Memorial Day?
2. Who are the brave that we honor?
3. How do most people honor their dead? Is that full honor for our brave dead?
4. How should we honor them?
5. How can we, as children, show our respect and appreciation for what they have done for us? List the things we can do.
6. Explain the line, "And be ourselves, in turn, the brave!"

MY LAND IS GOD'S LAND ¹

ANNETTE WYNNE

America, the beautiful, with its towering mountains, its deep-flowing rivers, its wide, rolling plains, has been especially favored by God. Every day should be a thanksgiving day for His blessings to us. His protecting hand is always over our flag and the land "for which it stands."

Such thankfulness must have filled the heart of the poet who put her trust and faith in His watchfulness:

Of His great gifts to us
The work of His Almighty hand
America beloved!
Our own — our native land!

MY land is God's land — mountains, rivers
wide;
God built it, blest it, gave it, to be the whole
earth's pride,

pride: glory.

¹ Reprinted by permission from *For Days and Days: A Year-Round Treasury of Verse for Children*, by Annette Wynne. Copyright, 1919, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

With lofty silent places and prairies for the
free —

My land is God's land that goes from sea to sea.



My flag is God's flag, and God will see it
through;

It shines on sea and mountain, the Red, the
White, and Blue —

lofty: high.

prairies: low, level, grassy land.

It has no need of terror, it lives close to the
sky —

My flag is God's flag, and He will keep it high!
terror: fright, fear. He: God.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. What land is the poet talking about?
2. Why does the poet say it is God's land?
3. What things did God put into this land?
4. What is meant by "God will see it through"?
5. Why need the flag have no fear?

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

During the War of 1812, the song of our Nation, "The Star-Spangled Banner," was written by an American poet, Francis Scott Key. During the war, the city of Baltimore was in danger of capture by the British fleet. The guns of the forts which defended the city boomed all through the battle, which lasted all night long.

Francis Scott Key was on one of the British vessels, where he had gone to arrange an exchange of American and British prisoners. All through the night he worried about the safety of the forts and the city. When day dawned, he saw that the American flag was still flying. He was so filled with joy that he wrote the words of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

OH! say, can you see, by the dawn's early
light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's
last gleaming!

star-spangled: decorated with stars.

Whose broad stripes and bright stars through
the perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gal-
lantly streaming?

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting
in air,

Gave proof through the night that our flag
was still there.

Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet
wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave?

Oh! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's
desolation;

Blessed with victory and peace, may the
Heaven-rescued land

Praise the Power that hath made and pre-
served us a nation.

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is
just,

And this be our motto, "In God is our trust";

ramparts: the walls of the fort.

gallantly streaming: bravely flying.

war's desolation: ruin and misery caused by war.

And the star-spangled banner in triumph
shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. How was the poet able to tell that the flag was still there "through the night"?
2. What is the Power mentioned in the last stanza? What does the poet say this Power has done for this Nation? Give your answer in the words of the poem.
3. What are the words in our country's motto?
4. Look at the first two lines of the second stanza here. This second stanza is really the fourth or last stanza of the poem. "Oh! thus be it ever" refers to the lines of the third stanza, which ends with the proud statement:
"And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."
Notice that this stanza ends with almost the same lines.

STORIES OF CHILD LIFE

AGNESE AND HER FRUIT STAND

ANGELA M. KEYES

Have you ever grumbled and sighed because things went wrong? Have you ever made daddy and mother unhappy because they saw your scowling face? If so, this story was written especially for you.

Read how happy, laughing Agnese, though blind, scattered happiness and joy even on a dirty city street.

THE children all knew Italian Agnese and called her by name. The reason they knew her was that she kept a fruit stand, and was blind. Besides, she had the cunningest, fat, black-eyed, crowing baby on the block; and she had a machine for roasting peanuts. The baby's father was dead, poor little one; but for that reason the children petted him the more. She would sometimes let the girls carry off the baby; and once in a great while she would let the boys turn the peanut machine.

Her fruit stand was on the corner of a dirty city street. But it made up for the dirt. It was lovely to the eye, sweet to the nose, and it set the mouth watering.

crowing: uttering sounds which show delight.

Even the grown-ups noticed it. The Irish milkman, who passed it on his way home every morning, would call out to Agnese: "The top o' the mornin' to ye. It's yersel' that kin make it as purty as a picter. How is that black-eyed rogue?"

Agnese in great delight would point out the milkman to the baby. And the baby would gurgle and crow as the Irishman shook his fist in fun.

The German baker's wife next door would catch sight of the stand as she piled hot, fresh-smelling loaves in the window. And she would come to the door to say, "Ach! it does mine heart goot to see it so neat!" The poet in the house across the street would call out from his window perch in a hall bedroom, five flights up, "It is a thing of beauty and a joy forever." The shabby artist in the velvet coat would stop before it and thrust his hands into his pockets, for he was hungry. "How she matches and mixes the colors!" he would exclaim. "Thy mother, bambino, can make the beautiful!"

rogue: a mischievous little fellow. Sometimes this word means a rascal or a cheat.

perch: a high seat.

bambino: Italian word for baby.

No one but the children, though, said anything about Agnese's blind eyes. And they said the most charming things. They admired the fruit, too. You shall hear.

One morning Auguste, Katherine, and Lucy were at last up in time to see Agnese get her stand ready for the day. It was so early that the baker's shop had not yet opened, except in the cellar, where the ovens are. The Irish milkman was still on his rounds, leaving a trail of bottles of milk behind him. The poet and the artist were abed, dreaming, and shutting their eyes again if they woke, not to let the dream go.

"Good-morning, Agnese," sang out the children, as soon as her cart was near enough.

"Good-morning, my early birds," she called back at once. "You will catch not one worm in my fruit. I have brought back the soundest in the market," she laughed, showing her pretty white teeth.

The cart drew up at the corner. The children saw that it was bulging with fruit. Agnese threw the reins over the horse's back and stepped lightly down.

rounds: trips on which he served his customers.

soundest: purest; best.

"How well you drive, Agnese," said Auguste. "You do not need eyes to see which way to go! You could be a coachman instead of a fruit lady."

"Ah, it is my old horse knows every step of the way, and obeys my lightest pull on the rein." Agnese patted the horse's nose and fed him a lump of sugar from a gay pocket hanging at her belt.

"Now," she cried, bustling about, "I must take out the best and sweetest cherry first." And out she lifted her baby, cradle and all. With a finger on her lip, not to wake him, she gave them a peep. There he lay as snug as the richest baby in bed at home.

"He's fast asleep, the dear little ducky," whispered Lucy.

"Look at his fist," said Auguste; "we'd better not wake him. He may give us a punch."

Agnese set the cradle safely away. Then she was ready for the fruit stand.

"May we help you unload the wagon?" asked Katherine. "We will be very careful."

"Yes, and we will do everything you tell us, dear Agnese," said Lucy.

snug: warm and cozy.

"We will not eat even one grape," said Auguste.

"Ah, it is very glad, indeed, I am, to have your help," cried Agnese, "for the stable boy will soon come for the horse and cart. And before we begin I shall give each of you the very juiciest pear I can find."

The children all said together that she must not do any such thing. They said they would not take it. But when they saw that she really wished them to have the pears, they ate them down to the very stems. I'm not sure that Auguste did not eat stem and all.

"How clever you are, Agnese," said Katherine, as she finished the last delicious bit; "you did not see the pears to pick them out."

"What a goose I'd be," laughed Agnese, "to give you bananas in mistake. Haven't I a nose that can tell a pear from a banana? Besides — and this is how I tell most things — haven't I my hands to touch them? I can feel their smooth skins and the neck on them. I'm not clever."

"Well," said Auguste, "some people with noses and hands and eyes, too, are very stupid. I know a boy ——"

"Tut, tut," said Agnese, "to work, to work!"

You should have seen Agnese prepare the fruit stand. When all the baskets were laid on the sidewalk, she uncovered the stand, and touched it lightly with her fingers.

"Ah, the wicked dust has got in again. I drove him out before I left. I'll banish him." She brought out a stiff cloth and did.

"Now," she said, "for our fruit. The apples may have their cheeks polished, but the pears I must rub only gently, not to crack their skins. None but fruit good at the heart shall go on my stand. I shall try you over again, sirs, before I let you pass," said she, with a nod of her shining black head.

That was the best of Agnese, she could play a game with anything.

She held each apple and pear in her hand to weigh it, and felt it over with her fingers for bad spots.

And what wonderful things she made!

When she had piled up the last pear and stuck a piece of brown stem in the top, she stepped back for the children to see.

"Why, Agnese, you've built up a big golden pear!" cried Lucy. "Isn't it beautiful?"
banish: drive away forever.

“Ha, you like it?” said Agnese, well pleased.
“See what I make of the apples,” said she.

The children watched breathlessly as she polished and piled one round layer of red and yellow apples on top of another. She hadn't gone far up when they burst out together, “It's a round tower.”

“So it is,” she said; “I know some children who are the clever ones.”

Up and up she went. On the very top she placed a green branch. It waved in the early morning breeze.

“You do make the most beautiful things, Agnese,” said Lucy.

“I am sure you are an artist,” said Katherine.

“Ha,” said Agnese, in high good humor; “what fun to be a fruit lady, and a coachman, and now an artist.”

“Isn't it a pity the tower must come down as you sell the apples?” said Auguste.

“But what would the bambino do for food and clothing if his mother sold no fruit and made no pennies?” cried Agnese. “I know I shall have an empty fruit stand this evening. Am I not taking pains with it to please some little friends of mine?” said she slyly.

good humor: good spirits.



The children laughed with pleasure.

“Of course,” said Auguste, “you might play war, and pretend that the buyers are the enemy. They are paying you to take down the walls of the tower and let out the prisoners.”

“Bravo!” said Agnese, “that will be fun. Play war is much better than real war.”

“Let me see now what else I have,” said she, feeling the fruit. “Ah, you are round

and firm, with soft down on your cheek. I must not brush that off. I know you, my beauties; you are my downy peaches. And these soft ones in the next basket, not so large and round, but so cool to my touch, are my lovely dark purple plums. There is a downy bloom on them, too, that I must not brush off."

"Not one mistake, Agnese," cried the children.

"But my examination is not over," said Agnese, pretending at once they were examining her; "let me try to name every one; perhaps I may miss on fruits after all."

"Not you," said Auguste; "you will get one hundred per cent."

"These heavy bunches are the grapes; they were plucked this very morning, the dew is still on them. The long ones are the white ones and the round ones the purple. Is it not so?"

"Yes, yes," cried the children, "you haven't missed."

"Ah," said she, passing her hand quickly from one basket to another, "and now I come to grapefruit, oranges, and lemons."

down: soft fuzz found on a peach and a baby's cheek.

"Oh, those will be hard to tell apart; do not miss, dear Agnese," cried Lucy anxiously.

"Huh!" said Auguste, "of course she won't." But he, too, bent over a little anxiously.

You should have seen the fun in Agnese's face! She put out her hand, then drew it back, and wrinkled her forehead.

Katherine saw through her. "You are only making believe," she cried. "Time is up. You must tell at once."

"Well," said Agnese, "I hope I shall not miss. My nose shall not help me," she said, holding it with one hand. "These round heavy fellows with the smooth skin are — grapefruit."

"Good for you!" cried Auguste, waving his cap.

"And these smaller round fellows with rougher skins are — oranges."

"Right!" shrieked Lucy, clapping her hands.

"And these with the round knobs at one end of them are — are ——"

"Don't miss, dear, dear Agnese," begged Katherine; "I think you should let your nose help you."

"No, no," cried Agnese, pinching it together more tightly; "they are — lemons!"

“One hundred per cent!” cried the children; “hurrah for Agnese!”

“The bananas are very easy,” said she; “they won’t count. And here are nuts,” running her fingers through them. “I know them too. Here are those two-sided rough butternuts with the round curved backs between. Here are peanuts like little fat ladies without head or feet, and tied in the middle.”

The children chuckled at that.

“Must I prove that I know the rest?” asked Agnese.

“No, no,” they said, “we’ll give you a hundred per cent on the nuts, and on the dates and figs too.”

Well, after that Agnese worked like a beaver. And whenever she could, she made what the children asked for.

She built the peaches up into a rosy pyramid with fresh green leaves between every two layers. At the other end of the stand she heaped a small mountain of grapefruit, oranges, and lemons, with a path made of nuts. In the center she placed the brown block of dates.

pyramid: looks like this:



"That's a house in the valley," said Lucy.

"Oh, yes," said Auguste; "and because a band of robbers lives in the mountains, the people get in and out by a hidden door underground."

"That's the reason, too, that the house has no windows," said Katherine.

"Of course," said Auguste.

While they were talking Agnese did something to the house that left the children speechless with delight. She topped it with a pointed roof of figs.

As soon as Lucy could get her breath she cried, "I almost wish *I* were blind, Agnese!"

"Oh, no," said Agnese quickly, "keep those gray eyes of yours open to the light."

"Why, Agnese, how do you know they are gray?"

"Isn't your name Lucy?" asked Agnese.

"Yes," said Lucy, "but how did you know my eyes are gray?"

"Because once there lived a little girl in a poem named Lucy Gray," said Agnese.

"Agnese, you *are* clever, no matter what you say," said Auguste.

Well, such a success as that fruit stand was! Every child for blocks around came to buy.

And as for the grown-ups, they praised Agnese and the baby so much, although all he did was to crow at it, that Agnese was happier than a queen with a golden crown on her head.

"Sure it's an architect yer mother is, ye black-eyed rogue," said the Irish milkman.

"Ach, mein friend," said the German baker's wife, throwing up her hands, "you have the talent!"

"I shall make a beautiful story in verse out of it," cried out the poet, seizing a pen. "It will make my fortune."

"Ah," said the artist, "little bambino, thy mother has a very pretty fancy. See that later on thou carve a statue of her in fine marble."

The baby did not understand a word that he said. But the mother cried, "Oh, I have great hopes of him; his grandfather was a sculptor!"

It was the children's praise that Agnese liked best. "Isn't Agnese wonderful?" they said to one another. "She does not need eyes. She can make anything with her thoughts and her fingers."

architect; one who plans a building. **talent**: natural ability.
sculptor: one who makes figures out of stone, bronze, etc.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

Can you answer these questions?

1. Who was Agnese? Why was every one so friendly to her?
2. What did she call her baby? There are two names she gave it.
3. What name did the Irish milkman give him?
4. If you were a little boy, what would Agnese let you do?
5. Name some of Agnese's neighbors. What did they think of Agnese and her stand?
6. Can you tell why the children loved Agnese?
7. What game did they play with Agnese? Who came out best in that game?
8. What things did Agnese do that seemed wonderful for a blind person to do?
9. Make a list of the fruits that Agnese had on her stand.
10. Why was Agnese's fruit stand such a success?

THINGS TO DO

1. Let's play Agnese's game! Let each little schoolmate bring in some fruit, an orange, apple, pear, grapes, cherries, or a banana. Close your eyes tight! See how many different fruits you can recognize. Tell your teacher how you were able to tell them even though you did not see them.
2. Agnese just makes you want to play. Suppose you make a real play of the whole story. A laughing, kind-hearted comrade may be Agnese; two helpful girls, Lucy and Katherine; a round busy mate, the German baker's wife; three boys, a witty one the milkman, a dreamy one the poet, and a thin one, the artist. Yes, and you will need two others for Auguste and the stable boy! A doll would make a darling bambino.

LITTLE COSETTE

CAROLYN S. BAILEY

You have all read the story of Cinderella and her fairy godmother. This story, too, tells of a dear, little girl who Cosette: kô'zët'.

was ill-treated just as Cinderella was. Her name was Cosette. She had no fairy godmother, but she did have a — Let us find out for ourselves.

MONTFERMIEL was a little village in France. There were large houses there, and small houses, and shops, and a little church. It would have been a pleasant place to live, only for one thing: there was no water to be had in Montfermiel — one had to go a long, long way and fetch it in a bucket from the spring.

In one of the very large houses — so large that peddlers could stop there at night and sleep — lived little Cosette. She was only a tiny little girl, but she had no mother to love her and no one to buy her food and clothes. She took the place of a maid-servant in the house. There was Madame Thénardier and Father Thénardier, and their two little girls — Eponine and Azelma — who were happy and gay, but not one of them all was kind to little Cosette.

She was so thin and ragged and unhappy that they called her the Toad. All day long she ran upstairs and downstairs, and washed, and swept, and rubbed, and dusted, and flut-

Montfermiel: môN'fâr'myěĭ'.

Thé-na-dier: tâ'när'dyă'.

tered about, and did all the hard work. It was Cosette's place, also, to go with the heavy bucket to the spring for water, even when it was night; and no one ever said, "Thank you" to her.

It was one Christmas Eve that I am going to tell you about. Father Thénardier's large house was full of peddlers stopping for the night, and they sat about the kitchen fire smoking. Little Eponine and Azelma were playing happily with the kitten, but little Cosette was not allowed to play. She sat on the crossbar of the kitchen table near the chimney corner. She was all in rags and her little bare feet were thrust into wooden shoes. She was knitting wool stockings for Eponine and Azelma. All at once one of the peddlers jumped up. "My horse has had no water," he said.

Little Cosette began knitting faster, but her heart jumped like a big snowflake.

"My horse has not been watered," said the peddler once more.

"Well," said Madame Thénardier, "where is the Toad?"

She looked down and saw little Cosette hiding under the table.



“Are you coming?” shrieked Madame Thénardier.

Cosette crawled out and went for the empty bucket in the chimney corner. The bucket was nearly as large as she.

“See here, Toad, on your way back you will buy a big loaf at the baker’s,” said Madame Thénardier. “Here is the money. Go along, now.”

Cosette had a little pocket in her apron, and she put the money into it; then she went out, and the door was closed behind her.

Across the road were the shops all gay with the Christmas things. The very last in the row was the toy shop glittering with tinsel and glass and magnificent objects of tin. In the very front of the window stood an immense doll nearly two feet high. She wore a pink silk robe. She had gold wheat ears on her head. She had real hair and enamel eyes. All day she had smiled out upon the little girls, but no mother in all Montfermiel was rich enough to buy her.

Poor little Cosette went across the road and set down her bucket to look at the doll.

"She is a lady," she said softly to herself. "And the shop is her palace. The small dolls — they are the fairies; and the toy man perhaps is as kind as the Eternal Father."

But she heard Madame Thénardier's voice calling to her: "What are you doing there? Get along, Toad, and fetch the water or I shall be after you."

So Cosette picked up her bucket again and ran as fast as she could, until she was no longer able to see the lights from the toy shop and it was quite dark.

magnificent: very lovely.

immense: very large.

Eternal Father: God.

The farther she went, the darker it grew. There was no one in the streets. At last she came to the open fields, and the darkness seemed full of beasts walking in the grass and specters moving in the trees. She ran through the woods and came to the spring. But as she leaned over and plunged the bucket down, down, and then drew it up full again, the money for the loaf fell from her pocket and went splashing down into the water below.

Cosette did not hear it. She sat down on the grass, too tired to move. Then she remembered how Madame Thénardier was waiting, and she started for the village again. But, oh! it was cold, the bucket was very heavy, and little Cosette walked like an old woman. The handle froze to her tiny fingers, and the cold water splashed down her little bare legs. No one but God saw the sad thing — and her mother, perhaps.

Yet, suddenly, the bucket was not quite so heavy, for some one had taken hold of the handle, and a kind, deep voice said:

“My child, what you are carrying is too heavy for you.”

specters: ghosts.



“Yes, sir,” said little Cosette.

“Give it to me,” said the man; “I will carry it for you. Have you far to go?” he went on.

“A long way farther, sir,” said little Cosette.

With one hand the man held little Cosette’s

cold fingers close in his and they went on together. Little Cosette was not in the least afraid, and she told the stranger all about how pretty Eponine and Azelma were, and the hard work, and how she had no mother.

“What do those little girls do?” asked the stranger.

“Oh,” said Cosette, “they have beautiful dolls; they play all day long.”

“And you?” asked the stranger.

“Sometimes I play,” said little Cosette. “I have a little lead sword, and I wrap it in a cloth, and I rock it to sleep when no one sees.”

Presently they passed the shops. “Why are they lighted?” asked the stranger.

“It is Christmas Eve,” said Cosette.

When they reached the house, Madame Thénardier was waiting to scold little Cosette for being so long. “Where is the bread?” she cried.

Little Cosette had quite forgotten the bread. She turned her pocket inside out. What had become of the money? Madame Thénardier was about to strike Cosette, but the kind stranger stepped up to her. “Here is some

money," he said. "When I return, I will stay at your house for the night."

Then the man went straight to the street door, opened it, and stepped out. When he opened it again, he carried the wonderful toy-shop doll in his arms, with the pink silk robe, the gold wheat ears on her head, the real hair, and the enamel eyes!

"Here, this is for you, little one," he said.

Little Cosette crept out from under the table. Her eyes filled with tears, but they shone with joy, too, like the sky at daybreak.

"May I touch it?" she asked timidly. "Is the Lady mine?"

There were tears in the stranger's eyes, also. "Yes, she is yours," he said again. "To-morrow you shall come with me and be my little girl." And he put the Lady's fingers in little Cosette's tiny hand.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. Ask your teacher to show you where Montfermiel is located on a map. In what country did the story take place?
2. Why did they call Cosette the Toad?
3. What was one of the many hard things that Cosette had to do?
4. What made Cosette go out of the house one Christmas Eve?
5. On what other errand did Cosette go?

6. How did Cosette lose the money?
7. Explain how it was that Cosette knew nothing of this until she got home.
8. What did the kind man do for Cosette?
9. Would you say he was like Cinderella's fairy godmother? How?
10. Describe the lady-doll that Cosette loved.

IF YOU UNDERSTOOD THIS STORY YOU SHOULD BE
ABLE TO SELECT THE CORRECT ENDING FOR
THE FOLLOWING SENTENCES:

1. Cosette was
 - a. the daughter of Madame Thénardier.
 - b. an orphan child.
 - c. the sister of Eponine and Azelma.
2. She was called the Toad because
 - a. she was thin, ragged, and unhappy.
 - b. she lived at the edge of the spring.
 - c. she was ugly.
3. Madame Thénardier's family
 - a. treated her like one of themselves.
 - b. did all the hard work in the house.
 - c. scolded and struck Cosette very often.
4. One Christmas Eve she was sent
 - a. to get a loaf of bread at the baker's.
 - b. to the toy shop to buy a doll for herself.
 - c. to bed because she was very tired.
5. On the way she stopped
 - a. to talk to her neighbors.
 - b. to rest by the wayside.
 - c. to look at a beautiful doll in the toy shop.
6. As Cosette plunged her bucket down into the spring,
 - a. her fairy godmother appeared.
 - b. the money for the loaf fell from her pocket and went splashing down into the water below.
 - c. Madame Thénardier appeared before her.
7. Just as she felt she could not go any farther,
 - a. an old lady helped her.
 - b. a man took the bucket away from her.
 - c. she fainted and found herself in Heaven.

8. When she got home without the loaf of bread,
 - a. Madame Thénardier beat her with a stick.
 - b. the stranger gave Madame Thénardier some money.
 - c. the fairy godmother changed the Thénardiers to mice.
9. Little Cosette lived happily ever after
 - a. with Madame Thénardier.
 - b. with the stranger who made her his own little girl.
 - c. with her fairy godmother.

THE LITTLE HERO OF HAARLEM

Adapted

How would you like to be spoken of as the Little Hero of Chicago — or New York — or whatever city or town you live in? If you had had the opportunity to save your city just as Peter had, perhaps you, too, would have been a hero. Some day you may have your chance! It is said that opportunity comes once to every man. Let it find you ready to take advantage of it.

ACROSS the wide Atlantic Ocean there is a small country called Holland. The land is so low that strong walls must be built to keep out the angry sea. Holland is often called the Netherlands because Netherlands means low lands.

You can imagine how strong these walls, or dikes, as they are called, must be if they

opportunity: chance.

take advantage of it: take advantage of an opportunity means to "make good" when your chance comes.

are to keep out the strong ocean waves. Men are engaged to inspect these walls every day. These men mend even the tiniest hole. If they were to neglect this task, the crevice would soon be large enough to allow the waters to rush in and flood the land. Even the children know the danger of a crack or hole in the dike and often inspect the walls themselves to make sure that there is no leak in them.

One day, little Peter, who was not much bigger than you are, was having a fine time playing in the garden.

“Peter,” called his mother, “take this basket to grandpa.”

Peter was glad to go, for his grandfather told him stories of the sea and of the brave men who sailed out on it in search of adventure.

He picked up the basket and off he went. When Peter reached his grandfather's house, he begged for a story. The time went by so fast that Peter did not realize it was getting late. When the story was over, his grandfather cautioned him to hurry home.

inspect: examine.

crevice: crack.

flood the land: cover the land with water.

adventure: an exciting happening.

cautioned: warned.



"I will take the short way home. I will follow the dike and save many minutes that way," answered Peter.

The green, fragrant field lay on one side; the roaring sea on the other. It was fun to watch the enormous waves dash themselves against the wall. The waves made him think of naughty children trying to get into a forbidden garden.

fragrant: sweet-smelling.

enormous: very large.

forbidden garden: a garden into which you were not allowed to go.

The sky was beautiful with so many colors that it looked as if a paint box had been upset over it. Birds were flying to their nests because night was coming. The cows had already been milked; the farmers were at supper. Even the flaunting tulips were beginning to nod their heads in sleep. The waves, too, quieted down as he went along. The whole world was at rest.

Suddenly the quiet was broken by the sound of water trickling along near him.

“What’s that?” asked Peter of himself. “It sounds like water coming from a little hole somewhere.” He looked in the direction from which the sound came. As he approached the dike the sound became louder and louder. Peter knelt down in the tall grass to put his ear to the wall. The grass was wet. There in the wall — right near the ground — was a tiny hole and the water trickled through. “The dike, a leak in the dike!” cried Peter in alarm. But nobody heard him.

“If I waste time by running to tell the men,

flaunting tulips: the tulips stand up straight and tall and seem to be proud of their beauty.
approached: walked towards.

the water will make a bigger hole. It will flood our city. I must wait until help comes."

So he thrust his hand into the crevice. But this did not stop the water from rushing in. Then Peter put his arm all the way in. At last the sea was kept back. The water was cold and the stones cut into his flesh, but Peter did not mind that. All night the brave little boy stayed at his post.

At dawn the next day Peter was found, sleepy and faint, by some of the men who were on their way to work. One of them carried little Peter to his mother while the others stayed to stop the leak with stones and sand.

Now Peter's mother had not worried about her son. He had often stayed over night with his grandfather when he found it was growing late. How surprised she was to see him carried in! How proud she was when she heard what he had done! Her son, her Peter, had saved Haarlem.

Peter was put to bed, and when he awoke, he found the mayor and all the other famous

thrust: put.

post: place or position.

men and women of his little town waiting to thank him for his heroic deed.

I shouldn't wonder if to-day you could find a statue of Peter erected in the Public Square in the town of Haarlem.

heroic: brave.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. In what city did little Peter live?
2. Why do the Dutch people build walls about their cities?
3. How old was Peter?
4. Why did he like to go to his grandfather's house?
5. How did Peter know that something was wrong with the dike?
6. Why didn't he run home and tell his parents?
7. What did he do?

THINGS TO DO

1. Look for Holland on the map.
2. Bring in a picture of a little Dutch boy.
3. Make a playlet out of this story. Plan for three scenes. What will they be? Select one of your brave little classmates to play little Peter. Maybe you, yourself, would like to play this part.

GOOD STORIES TO READ

Burnett, Frances Hodgson: *Sara Crewe*.
 Herben, Beatrice: *Jack O'Health and Peg O'Joy*.
 Perdue, H. A.: *Child Life in Other Lands*.
 Perkins, Lucy Fitch: *The Italian Twins*.
 Porter, B. C.: *Trudy and Timothy*.
 Seawill, M. E.: *Little Jarvis*.
 Spyri, Johanna: *Heidi*.
 Tappan, E. M.: *Ella*.
 White, E. O.: *An Only Child*.

HOME, FRIENDS, AND SERVICE

DISCONTENT

SARAH ORNE JEWETT

Some folks are never satisfied with what they have or with what they are. They are always wanting something else or wishing this thing were different. Even the flowers in the field grow discontented at times. The little buttercup in the poem was very unhappy until — But this would be telling you the secret that you will find out when you read the poem.

DOWN in a field, one day in June,
The flowers all bloomed together,
Save one, who tried to hide herself,
And drooped — that pleasant weather.

A robin, who had flown too high
And felt a little lazy,
Was resting near the buttercup,
Who wished she were a daisy.

For daisies grow so trim and tall;
She always had a passion
For wearing frills around her neck,
In just the daisies' fashion.

trim: neat.

passion: great desire.

And buttercups must always be
The same old, tiresome color,
While daisies dress in gold and white,
Although their gold is duller.

“Dear Robin,” said this sad young flower,
“Perhaps you’d not mind trying
To find a nice white frill for me
Some day, when you are flying.”

“You silly thing,” the robin said,
“I think you must be crazy;
I’d rather be my honest self
Than any made-up daisy.

“You’re nicer in your own bright gown;
The little children love you;
Be the best buttercup you can,
And think no flower above you.

“Though swallows leave me out of sight,
We’d better keep our places.
Perhaps the world would all go wrong,
With one too many daisies.

“Look bravely up into the sky,
And be content with knowing
That God wished for a buttercup
Just here, where you are growing.”

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. Why did the buttercup hide away from the other flowers? (If you know the meaning of the title of the poem it will help you to give a good answer to this question.)
2. Why did the robin rest near the buttercup?
3. What were the buttercup's reasons for wanting to be a daisy?
4. Why didn't she want to be a buttercup?
5. What request did the buttercup make of the robin?
6. What is the "frill" around the daisy's neck?
7. Why did the robin think the buttercup was crazy?
8. What advice did the robin give the buttercup in the seventh stanza?
9. What does the robin think might happen, if the buttercup became a daisy?
10. Why did the robin think the buttercup was growing, just where she was?
11. Have you learned a lesson from this little poem? Tell the class what it is.
12. Can you explain what is meant by the expression, "Contentment in life is everything"?

A DREAM LESSON ¹

CAROLYN WELLS

Sometimes, when children are naughty, they are severely punished, and put to bed besides. That usually teaches them a lesson. Sometimes, too, they have

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horrible dreams, which you will agree is just what they deserve for being so naughty.

Read about the little boy in the following poem, who just wouldn't go to bed, and the horrible dream he had for behaving so badly. Would you like to be taught a lesson in this way?

ONCE there was a little boy that wouldn't
go to bed,

When they hinted at the subject, he would
only shake his head,

When they asked him his intentions, he in-
formed them pretty straight

That he wouldn't go to bed at all, and Nursey
needn't wait.

As their arguments grew stronger, and their
attitude more strict,

I grieve to say that naughty boy just yelled
and screamed and kicked.

And he made up awful faces, and he told them
up and down

That he wouldn't go to bed for all the nurses
in the town.

Then Nursey lost her patience, and although
it wasn't right,

Retorted that for all she cared he might sit
up all night.

He approved of this arrangement, and he
danced a jig for joy,

And turned a somersault with glee; he *was* a
naughty boy.

And so they all went off to bed and left him
sitting there,

Right in the corner by the fire in Grandpa's
big armchair,

He read his books and played his games —
he even sang a song,

And thought how lovely it would be to sit up
all night long.

But soon his games grew stupid, and his puzzles
wouldn't work;

He drew himself up stiffly with a sudden
little jerk,

And he said, "I am not sleepy, and I love to
play alone —

And^s — I — think — " the rest was mumbled
in a drowsy monotone.

retorted: replied.

arrangement: plan.

monotone: in the same tone of voice without expression. Does
the word drowsy or sleepy help to give you an idea why he
spoke in a monotone?

He leaned back on the cushions like that night
he had the croup;
His head began to wobble and his eyes began
to droop;
He closed them for a minute, just to see how
it would seem,



And straightway he was sound asleep, and
dreamed this awful dream!

He thought he saw a garden filled with flowers
and roses gay,
A great big gardener with a hoe came walking
down his way;

“Ah, ah!” exclaimed the gardener, as he
clutched him by the head,
“Here’s a fine specimen I’ve found; I’ll plant
him in this bed!”

He held the boy in one big hand, unheeding
how he cried,
And with the other dug a hole enormous, deep,
and wide.
He jammed the little fellow in, and said in
gruffest tone,
“This is the bed for naughty boys who wouldn’t
go to their own.”

And then the dirt was shoveled in — it cov-
ered up his toes,
His ankles, knees, and waist, and arms, and
higher yet it rose.
For still the gardener shoveled on, not noticing
his cries:
It came up to his chin and mouth — it almost
reached his eyes;

Just then he gathered all his strength and gave
an awful scream,

enormous: very large.

gruffest: harshest.

And woke himself, and put an end to that
terrific dream.

And he said as Nursey tucked him up and bade
him snugly rest,

“When I am planted in a bed, I like my own
the best.”

terrific: dreadful.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. How did the little boy act when they suggested that he go to bed?
2. What was his answer when they asked him if he intended to go to bed?
3. What did he do when his Nursey became strict?
4. What happened when Nursey lost her patience?
5. How did the little boy show his approval of the plan?
6. As it grew late, how did he feel about his game and puzzle?
7. What lines in the poem tell you that he tried hard to keep awake?
8. When he fell asleep where did he dream he was?
9. Who else was there? What did the gardener do to the boy?
10. How did the gardener think that naughty boys should be punished?
11. When the little boy thought himself almost covered with dirt what did he do?
12. What happened then?
13. Do you think the dream taught the boy a lesson? What was it?
14. Have you ever had a dream which frightened you? Tell the class about it.
15. Select the words in the following list that describe the little boy of the poem.

a. kind

b. stubborn

c. naughty

d. obedient

e. bold

f. disobedient

g. lazy

h. timid

i. shy

THE DUMB SOLDIER

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Can you remember far back, long ago, when you were very little? Did you ever have a toy that you liked very much? And did you ever hide this toy away so that even you could not find it? Then after a long time the toy was found. You wondered and wondered where it could have been all this time. You waited for an answer, and half expected the toy to speak. If this ever happened to you, you will surely like this poem, for it tells a story about a boy and his toy.

WHEN the grass was closely mown,
Walking on the lawn alone,
In the turf a hole I found
And hid a soldier underground.

Spring and daisies came apace;
Grasses hide my hiding place;
Grasses run like a green sea
O'er the lawn up to my knee.

Under the grass alone he lies,
Looking up with leaden eyes,
Scarlet coat and pointed gun,
To the stars and to the sun.

turf: grass.

apace: swiftly.

When the grass is ripe like grain,
When the scythe is stoned again,
When the lawn is shaven clear,
Then my hole shall reappear.

I shall find him, never fear,
I shall find my grenadier;
But for all that's gone and come,
I shall find my soldier dumb.

He has lived, a little thing,
In the grassy woods of spring;
Done, if he could tell me true,
Just as I should like to do.

He has seen the starry hours
And the springing of the flowers;
And the fairy things that pass
In the forests of the grass.

In the silence he has heard
Talking bee and ladybird,

scythe: an old-fashioned instrument used to cut grass. What is used to-day?

stoned: sharpened with a stone.

grenadier: a soldier.

starry hours: night time.

ladybird: a beetle, a kind of yellow bug with black spots all over his back.

And the butterfly has flown
O'er him as he lay alone.

Not a word will he disclose,
Not a word of all he knows.
I must lay him on the shelf,
And make up the tale myself.

disclose: tell a secret.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. Tell whether the following are true or false:
 - a. The boy lost his toy on the lawn.
 - b. The toy disappeared during the summer time.
 - c. The toy was completely covered by tall grass.
 - d. The boy found his toy later on.
 - e. The little soldier told his owner what he had seen.
2. Can you find the line which tells you that the grass is very tall?
3. Which stanza tells you that the hiding place of the toy will be found again?
4. Here is a matching game which will show you whether you understand the poem: complete the sentence with the best line:

a. He has lived	{	in the grassy woods of spring. in the forests of the grass. in the turf.
b. When the lawn is shaven clear	{	I shall find him, never fear. then my hole shall reappear. I must lay him on the shelf.
5. Make a list of some of the things that the dumb soldier saw.
6. Why does the poet say "leaden eyes"?

7. Why do you suppose the “grenadier” did not tell the boy a single thing of what he had seen?
8. The little boy says:
 “I must lay him on the shelf,
 And make up the tale myself.”
- a. What tale must he make up?
- b. Will you be that little boy and make up the tale?

FINERY

JANE TAYLOR

Fine feathers don't always make fine birds and fine frocks don't make fine girls, either. In fact when little girls think too much about what they shall wear, they become as vain as young Fanny in this poem. She was too dressed up to have a good time. However, she learned a lesson from little Lucy. If you would like to know what it was, you can find it very easily in the following poem.

IN an elegant frock, trimmed with beautiful
 lace,
And hair, nicely curled, hanging over her face,
Young Fanny went out to the house of a friend,
With a large children's party the evening to
 spend.

“Ah! How they will all be delighted, I guess,
And stare with surprise at my handsome new
 dress!”

finery: fine clothes.

frock: a dress.

Thus said the vain girl, and her little heart
beat,
Impatient, the happy young party to meet.



But, alas! they were all too intent on their play,
To observe the fine clothes of this lady so gay;
And thus all her trouble quite lost its design,
For they saw she was proud, but forgot she
was fine.

intent on: interested in.

design: purpose.

'Twas Lucy, though only in simple white clad —
Nor trimmings, nor laces, nor jewels she had —
Whose cheerful good nature delighted them
 more
Than Fanny and all the fine garments she wore.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. How was young Fanny dressed? Where was she going?
2. What pleasant thought filled her mind on the way?
3. How did the other children treat Fanny? Why did they do this?
4. Who was the favorite at the party? Why did everybody like her?
5. Do you think Fanny learned a lesson? What was it?

LITTLE BLUE PIGEON

JAPANESE LULLABY

EUGENE FIELD

Maybe you know some lullaby that your mother sings to your baby brother or sister. It may be the same one that she sang to you, too, only it is so many, many years ago that you don't remember the time — or perhaps you were such a good baby that you went right to sleep without the magic of mother's music.

This poem is a lullaby that a Japanese mother is singing to her baby.

SLEEP, little pigeon, and fold your wings —

 Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes;

Sleep to the singing of mother-bird swinging —

 Swinging the nest where her little one lies.



Away out yonder I see a star —
 Silvery star with a tinkling song;
To the soft dew falling I hear it calling —
 Calling and tinkling the night along.

In through the window a moonbeam comes —
 Little gold moonbeam with misty wings;
All silently creeping, it asks, “Is he sleeping —
 Sleeping and dreaming while mother sings?”

Up from the sea there floats the sob
Of the waves that are breaking upon the
shore,
As though they were groaning in anguish, and
moaning —
Bemoaning the ship that shall come no more.

But sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings
Little blue pigeon, with mournful eyes:
Am I not singing? — see, I am swinging —
Swinging the nest where my darling lies.

groaning: crying aloud with pain.

anguish: severe pain.

moaning: uttering a sad cry.

bemoaning: sorrowing.

mournful: sad.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. What pet name does the mother call her baby as she swings him to sleep?
2. What story does she sing to the baby about the star?
3. How does she describe the moonbeam?
4. What question does the moonbeam ask as it looks at the baby?
5. Why does the mother say the waves sob as they break upon the shore?
6. Does the mother wish her baby to be disturbed by any of these stories she has told him? What line in the poem tells you this?
7. Do you know any other lullaby? If so, recite or sing it to the class.
8. How should a lullaby be sung? Why?
9. Try to make up a poem of four lines that you think would help to put a baby to sleep.

THE MILLER OF THE DEE

CHARLES MACKAY

In one of his poems, Robert Louis Stevenson tells us that "we should all be as happy as kings." But not all kings are happy. The King Hal of this poem was one of those who felt that his lot in life was hard. He envied the happy miller and would have liked to change places with him. Read the poem and see if the Miller of the Dee can't teach you something about being happy too.

THERE dwelt a miller hale and bold
Beside the River Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be —
"I envy nobody; no, not I,
And nobody envies me!"

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend!" said old King
Hal,
"Thou'rt wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee.

Dee: a river in northwestern England.

burden of his song: the verse or chorus that is repeated throughout the song.

And tell me now what makes thee sing
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm the king,
Beside the River Dee?"

The miller smiled and doffed his cap;
"I earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friends,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay;
I thank the River Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the corn
To feed my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,
"Farewell! and happy be;
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee.
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
Thy mill my kingdom's fee;
Such men as thou are England's boast,
O miller of the Dee!"

mealy cap: Have you ever seen a picture of a dusty miller?
Why is his cap "mealy"?

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. Read the words of the song the miller sang about himself.
What does the song mean?
2. Why does the poet compare the miller to a lark?

3. What does the king say about the song?
4. What question does he ask the miller?
5. The miller gives the king five reasons for his happiness. Can you find them in the third stanza of the poem?
6. Do you think the king would have exchanged his crown for the miller's mealy cap? Why do you suppose he was so unhappy?
7. Read the poem "Discontent" again. Are the lessons that these poems teach alike? If you think they are, tell the class what you think the lesson is.
8. The poem contains some old words that we seldom use, except in poetry — for example:
 - a. hale
 - b. blithe
 - c. doffed
 - d. quoth
 - e. thou'dst
 - f. thou'rt
 - g. dwelt

Can you tell from reading the poem what they mean? If you are not sure of them, ask your teacher to explain them to you.

MY SHIP AND I

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Sailing boats has always been a favorite sport of children. Haven't you longed for the spring time when you might take your boat to the park lake to sail it? Perhaps you have even enjoyed sailing it near your home, after a heavy shower of rain has left a stream of water in front of your door. In the poem, the little boy tells you about his plans for the future when he will take his ship far, far away.

IT'S I that am the captain of a tidy little
ship,
Of a ship that goes a-sailing on the pond;

And my ship it keeps a-turning all around and
all about;
But when I'm a little older, I shall find the
secret out
How to send my vessel sailing on beyond.



For I mean to grow as little as the dolly at the
helm,
And the dolly I intend to come alive;
And with him beside to help me, it's a-sailing
I shall go,

It's a-sailing on the water, when the jolly
breezes blow

And the vessel goes a divie-divie dive.

O it's then you'll see me sailing through the
rushes and the reeds,

And you'll hear the water singing at the
prow;

For beside the dolly sailor, I'm to voyage and
explore,

To land upon the island where no dolly was
before,

And to fire the penny cannon in the bow.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. What trouble has the little boy in sailing his boat?
2. What secret does he expect to learn as he grows older?
3. What change does he expect to take place in himself?
4. What does he expect to happen to the dolly at the helm?
5. What does the little boy plan to do with the dolly?
6. What does it mean for a vessel to go "a divie-divie dive"?
7. What sound will the water make as the boat sails through it?
8. What place will these little explorers visit?
9. Have you ever sailed a boat? Tell the class of your experience.

OUR HEROES

PHOEBE CARY

To most of us a hero is a very special, wonderful person. We think of a soldier who goes to war as a hero.

Most of us realize that the firemen, who save the people from the terrors of burning buildings, are heroes. We appreciate the fact that our policemen, who risk their lives for our safety, are heroes. But few of us realize that we, in our daily lives, can and should be heroes, also. Would you like to know how you can earn the right to be called "hero"? Let us read this poem and find out.

HERE'S a hand to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right.
When he falls in the way of temptation,
He has a hard battle to fight.
Who strives against self and his comrades
Will find a most powerful foe;
All honor to him if he conquers,
A cheer for the boy who says, "No!"

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted,
To do what you know to be right;
Stand firm by the colors of manhood,
And you will o'ercome in the fight.
"The right," be your battle-cry ever
In waging the warfare of life;

courage: boldness; power to meet danger.

temptation: an urge to do wrong.

strives: works hard.

foe: enemy.

conquers: wins.

steadfast: firm; steady.

o'ercome: what letter is omitted? The word means "be victorious," or "be the winner."

waging: carrying on.

And God, who knows who are the heroes,
Will give you the strength for the strife.
strife: battle; fight.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. What kind of boy do we honor?
2. Why do we honor him?
3. What must he say to himself and his comrades when they tempt him to do the wrong thing?
4. How will the brave, steadfast boy be rewarded?
5. What should be the hero's battle-cry?
6. Who will help each hero in his fight?

THINGS TO DO

To-day try to carry out the thought of this poem in your school work. By living up to school rules, by learning to control your own actions, you are learning to become a hero.

QUEEN MAB

THOMAS HOOD

If any one ever says, "There are no fairies," then you must know that they have never been fortunate enough to see one! But fairies there are! And the good children remember them, for these little fairies come dancing into their dreams and lead them over hill and over dale into the fairy playground.

When you're just a little bit older and can read "Peter Pan," a wonderful fairy story written by a great poet and play-maker named Barrie, you will be introduced to troops and troops of them.

Peter Pan, the hero of that story, says that whenever we do a good deed, a fairy is born! Just imagine the millions of fairies that are born every day, because of the great number of good deeds we do.

The poet here tells us of the Queen of the fairies, who sends the fairies into the dreams of all the children, good ones as well as naughty ones. However, the dreams are not the same. Which ones are more beautiful, you may discover by reading this poem.

A LITTLE fairy comes at night,
 Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown,
 With silver spots upon her wings,
 And from the moon she flutters down.

She has a little silver wand,
 And when a good child goes to bed
 She waves her wand from right to left,
 And makes a circle round its head.

And then it dreams of pleasant things,
 Of fountains filled with fairy fish,
 And trees that bear delicious fruit,
 And bow their branches at a wish.

Of arbors filled with dainty scents
 From lovely flowers that never fade;
 Bright flies that glitter in the sun,
 And glow-worms shining in the shade.

flutters: floats. We say birds or butterflies "flutter." Why is this word used here?

arbors: shaded walks.

scents: odors.

glow-worm: a worm whose body gives forth light. This light can only be seen in the darkness.

shade: shadow; darkness.

And talking birds with gifted tongues,
For singing songs and telling tales,
And pretty dwarfs to show the way
Through fairy hills and fairy dales.



But when a bad child goes to bed,
From left to right she weaves her rings,
And then it dreams all through the night
Of only ugly, horrid things!

gifted tongues: tongues that have power. What power has
the tongue of the bird? **dales:** valleys.

Then wicked children wake and weep,
And wish the long, black gloom away;
But good ones love the dark, and find
The night as pleasant as the day.

gloom: dark.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

As far as possible use the words of the poem in answering these questions:

1. What is the fairy queen's name?
2. Who comes at night with silver spots upon her wings?
3. How does this little fairy look?
4. From where does this blue-eyed, brown-haired fairy, with "silver spots upon her wings," come?
5. What has this little fairy in her hand?
6. What does she do with her little silver wand when a good child goes to bed?
7. Which stanzas tell us about the pleasant things a good child dreams?
8. Read those stanzas and name some of the things about which a good child dreams. List them by stanzas; for example:

Third Stanza
fountains
fairy fish
trees
delicious fruit
9. When the fairy weaves her rings from left to right, of what kind of things does a bad child dream?
10. What happens when wicked children have these bad dreams?
11. How do the good ones feel about the dark and the night?

THINGS TO DO

1. With your paint set paint a picture of the fairy as described in the first and second stanzas.

2. Read the following poems which also tell of fairies:

William Allingham: "The Fairies."

Rose Fyleman: "Fairies."

Rose Fyleman: "The Fairies Have Never A Penny to Spend."

Frank Dempster Sherman: "Ghost Fairies."

SEVEN TIMES ONE

JEAN INGELow

When is your birthday? Are you happy when that day comes around? To most children birthdays are just as important as Christmas. Can you tell why?

The little girl in this poem is having a very interesting birthday. She seems to enjoy things which many children know nothing about. Wouldn't you like to join her and be happy with her?

THERE'S no dew left on the daisies and
clover,

There's no rain left in heaven;
I've said my "seven times" over and over —
Seven times one are seven.

I am old! so old, I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done:
The lambs play always, they know no better;
They are always one times one.

O Moon! in the night I have seen you sailing,
And shining so round and low;

You were bright! ah, bright! but your light
is failing;

You are nothing now but a bow.

You Moon! have you done something wrong
in heaven,

That God has hidden your face?

I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet Bee! you're a dusty fellow,

You've powdered your legs with gold;

O brave marsh Mary buds, rich and yellow!

Give me your money to hold.

O Columbine! open your folded wrapper

Where two twin turtle-doves dwell;

O Cuckoo-pint! toll me the purple clapper,

That hangs in your clear, green bell.

marsh Mary: marsh marigold or cowslip. A yellow flower that grows in wet, marshy places.

Columbine (köl-üm-bîn): a beautiful, drooping, bell-shaped flower, found in mountain districts. The word columbine means dove-like. The flower got its name from the fact that the inner parts of the flower are said to look like twin turtle doves.

Cuckoo-pint: a beautiful flower of Europe, sometimes called wake-robin or Jack-in-the-pulpit.

And show me your nest with the young ones
in it —

I will not steal them away,
I am old! you may trust me, Linnet, Linnet —
I am seven times one to-day.

Linnet: a small green bird, about the size of an English sparrow.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. Who is supposed to be talking in this poem?
2. What line in the first stanza tells you what time of the day it is?
3. What line in the first stanza tells you that the air is clear?
4. What is the "seven times" the girl talks about?
5. What line of the first stanza tells you how old the little girl is?
6. Can you tell why "the lambs play always"?
7. What did the little girl notice about the moon?
8. Why does she think that "God has hidden your face"?
9. Can you tell why the little girl says:
 "O brave marsh Mary buds, rich and yellow,
 Give me your money to hold."
10. When you read stanza six, what picture is brought to your mind in
 - a. the lines about Columbine?
 - b. the lines about Cuckoo-pint?
11. What does she say to the linnet? Do you think the linnet really understood her?
12. Perhaps some of you have had just as interesting a birthday as the little girl in the poem. How did her birthday party differ from any you have had?
13. If you can remember some happy birthday, tell the class what made it happy for you.

SWEET AND LOW

ALFRED TENNYSON

Have you ever watched a mother sing her baby to sleep? The song she sings, we call a lullaby. The following lullaby is one of the very well-known lullabies that has been sung throughout the whole world. It is taken from a long poem called, "The Princess." It is sung to a baby whose father is a fisherman at sea. The mother sings softly and sweetly to the child, and at the same time tells us how anxious and worried she is about the baby's father who is not at home.

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west.

Under the silver moon,
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.



GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. To whom does the mother speak in the first stanza?
2. Read the lines which tell what she wishes the wind to do.
3. Why are the waters called "rolling waters"?
4. What kind of moon is in the sky? Read the line that tells you the answer.
5. To whom does she speak in the second stanza?
6. Read the lines which bid the baby rest.
7. Which lines give us a picture of a silvery moonlight night at sea?
8. As you read this poem aloud, see if you can keep the "swing" of it. If you'll think of a mother rocking her baby to sleep in her arms, or rocking the cradle, your poem

will keep time with the rocking-chair or the cradle — and swing along all by itself.

9. Ask your teacher or your mother to sing the song that has been written to these words.
10. If you can draw well, draw a little picture showing the father's return as described in the second stanza.
11. Read some of these other famous or well-known lullabies,
Walter Scott: "O Hush Thee, My Baby."
Thomas Dekker: "Golden Slumbers Kiss Your Eyes."
Emilie Poulsson: "Bed-Time Song."

HUMOR IN POETRY AND PROSE

THE CHEESES THAT RAN AWAY

An English Folk Tale

This is the story of one of the wise men of Gotham. Whether he was really wise is a question you will have to decide for yourself.

ONE morning a farmer of Gotham set out for Nottingham Market to sell some cheeses. He rode on horseback and carried his cheeses in a bag behind him. As he was going down the hill to Nottingham Bridge, one of the cheeses fell out of his bag and rolled down the hill.

“Well-a-day!” said the fellow. “Can you run to the market alone? Then I shall send the others after you.”

And with that he took his cheeses, and tumbled them all down the hill, one after another. Some ran into the bushes, some rolled into the ditch, and others went down to the bridge and rolled into the water.

one of the cheeses . . . rolled down the hill: The cheese was in the form of a big wheel and probably quite heavy. Have you ever seen a cheese in this form in the windows of stores where they sell cheese?

When the last one was gone, the farmer whipped up his horse and galloped away, calling back to the cheeses, "Be sure that you all meet me in the market-place."

He rode across the bridge into Nottingham and waited around in the market-place till the market was almost done. Then he went about and inquired of his neighbors and other men if they had seen his cheeses come to market.

"Who should bring them?" asked one of the market men.

"Why, they should bring themselves, of course," replied the farmer. "They know the way well enough. A vengeance on them all! They ran away from me so fast that I felt sure they would run too far. They are by this time half way to the next town. I must go after them as fast as I can."

Whereupon he jumped upon his horse and started for the next town to get his cheeses. But to this day no man can tell where they are to be found.

a vengeance on them all: a curse on them all.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. What gave the farmer the idea that the cheeses could go to market by themselves?
2. What happened when he "tumbled all his cheeses down the hill"?
3. Why was the farmer disappointed when he reached the market-place?
4. What did he decide to do?
5. What part of the story amused you most?
6. The farmer was
 - a. wise
 - b. foolish
 - c. ignorant

Which word best describes the farmer? Give a reason for your answer.

7. Can you tell the story to the class?

THE JUMBLIES

EDWARD LEAR

"The owl and the pussy-cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat."

These lines are taken from a nonsense poem which most of you have read and enjoyed. The one that follows is another nonsense poem by the same author. Are you ready to be amused? Will you enjoy reading it as much as you enjoyed "The Owl and the Pussy-Cat"?

In this poem you will come across names of places and words which neither you nor anybody else has ever heard about. But don't let that bother you; just enjoy the poem.

THEY went to sea in a sieve, they did;
In a sieve they went to sea:

In spite of all their friends could say,
On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,

In a sieve they went to sea.

And when the sieve turned round and round,
And every one cried, "You'll all be drowned!"

They called aloud, "Our sieve ain't big;

But we don't care a button; we don't care a fig:

In a sieve we'll go to sea!"

Far and few, far and few,

Are the lands where the Jumblies live;
Their heads are green and their hands
are blue;

And they went to sea in a sieve.

They sailed away in a sieve, they did,

In a sieve they sailed so fast,

With only a beautiful pea-green veil

Tied with a ribbon, by way of a sail,

To a small tobacco-pipe mast.

And every one said who saw them go,

"Oh! won't they be soon upset, you know?

For the sky is dark, and the voyage is long;

And, happen what may, it's extremely wrong

In a sieve to sail so fast."

Far and few, far and few,

Are the lands where the Jumblies live;

Their heads are green, and their hands
are blue;
And they went to sea in a sieve.

The water it soon came in, it did;
The water it soon came in:
So, to keep them dry, they wrapped their feet
In a pinky paper all folded neat;
And they fastened it down with a pin.
And they passed the night in a crockery jar;
And each of them said, "How wise we are!
Though the sky be dark, and the voyage be
long,
Yet we never can think we were rash or wrong,
While round in our sieve we spin."
Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live;
Their heads are green, and their hands
are blue;
And they went to sea in a sieve.

And all night long they sailed away;
And when the sun went down,
They whistled and warbled a moony song,
To the echoing sound of a coppery gong,
In the shade of the mountains brown.



“O Timballoo! How happy we are
When we live in a sieve and a crockery jar!
And all night long in the moonlight pale,
We sail away with a pea-green sail
In the shade of the mountains brown.”

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumbles live;
Their heads are green, and their hands
are blue;
And they went to sea in a sieve.

They sailed to the Western Sea, they did —

To a land all covered with trees;

And they bought an owl, and a useful cart,

And a pound of rice, and a cranberry tart,

And a hive of silvery bees;

And they bought a pig, and some green jack-
daws,

And a lovely monkey with lollipop paws,

And forty bottles of ring-bo-ree,

And no end of Stilton cheese.

Far and few, far and few,

Are the lands where the Jumblies live;

Their heads are green, and their hands
are blue;

And they went to sea in a sieve.

And in twenty years they all came back —

In twenty years or more;

And every one said, "How tall they've grown!

For they've been to the Lakes and the Tor-
rible Zone,

And the hills of the Chankly Bore."

jackdaws: birds of the crow family. What color were they in
this poem?

ring-bo-ree: a kind of imaginary drink.

Stilton cheese: a cheese first made in Stilton, England.

Torrible Zone: a region known only to the Jumblies — from
the words *Torrid Zone*.

Chankly Bore: a land known only by the Jumblies.

And they drank their health, and they gave
 them a feast
Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast;
And every one said, "If we only live,
We, too, will go to sea in a sieve
 To the hills of the Chankly Bore."
 Far and few, far and few,
 Are the lands where the Jumbles live;
 Their heads are green, and their hands
 are blue;
 And they went to sea in a sieve.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. In what did the Jumbles go to sea?
2. Have you ever tried to sail a sieve in the bathtub? What happened? Could the Jumbles really get anywhere in a sieve?
3. Can you picture to yourself:
 - a. the sailing of the sieve with the Jumbles in it?
 - b. the weather on the day they went to sea?
 - c. how the Jumbles looked?
 - d. how the "boat" (sieve) looked?
 - e. how they kept dry when the water came in?
 - f. what they bought?
 - g. the reception when the Jumbles returned?
4. Make a list of things in the poem which no one has ever seen.
5. Make a list of strange words that are used in the poem.
6. What have you noticed about the last four lines of each stanza? (Lines or stanzas repeated several times are called refrains.)
What is the refrain in this stanza? How many times does the refrain occur?

7. What other expressions are repeated in this poem? Read them aloud.
8. This is a nonsense poem. Which stanza do you think is the most nonsensical?

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL

Get from the library Lear's *Book of Nonsense*. Select another nonsense poem that you enjoyed and ask your teacher to permit you to read it to the class.

A MAD TEA PARTY

LEWIS CARROLL

Alice was a little girl who had a wonderful imagination. One day she fell asleep in the garden and had an astonishing dream. She saw a hare pop down a large hole under the hedge. She followed the hare and came to Wonderland. Here she had some very strange adventures.

The story which you will now read, is an account of one of these adventures.

I. A GAME OF RIDDLES

THERE was a table set out under a tree, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea. A Dormouse was sitting between them,

March Hare: "As mad as a March hare" is an old expression for people who act strangely. The hare is said to act as if he were mad in the month of March.

Hatter: one who makes or sells hats. There is an old saying — "mad as a hatter." Perhaps that is why this person is included in the story.

Dormouse: a mouse found in Europe. He looks like a squirrel and likes to sleep. *Dor* comes from a word that means sleep.



fast asleep and the other two were using him as a cushion, resting their elbows on him, and talking over his head.

“Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse,” thought Alice; “only as he’s asleep, I suppose he doesn’t mind.”

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner. “No room! No room!” they cried out when they saw Alice coming.

"There's *plenty* of room!" said Alice indignantly, and she sat down in a large arm-chair at one end of the table.

"It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited," said the March Hare.

"I didn't know it was *your* table," said Alice. "It's laid for a great many more than three."

"Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.

"You should learn not to make personal remarks," Alice said with some severity. "It's very rude."

The Hatter opened his eyes wide on hearing this; but all he *said* was, "Why is a raven like a writing desk?"

"Come, we shall have some fun now!" thought Alice. "I'm glad they've begun asking riddles — I believe I can guess that," she added aloud.

"Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?" said the March Hare.

"Exactly so," said Alice.

indignantly: angrily.

"Then you should say what you mean," the March Hare went on.

"I do," Alice hastily replied. "At least — at least, I mean what I say — that's the same thing you know."

"Not the same thing a bit!" said the Hatter. "Why, you might just as well say that 'I see what I eat' is the same thing as 'I eat what I see.'"

"You might just as well say," added the March Hare, "that 'I like what I get' is the same thing as 'I get what I like!'"

"You might just as well say," added the Dormouse, who seemed to be talking in his sleep, "that 'I breathe when I sleep' is the same thing as 'I sleep when I breathe.'"

"It *is* the same thing with you," said the Hatter, and here the conversation dropped.

The party sat silent for a minute, while Alice thought over all she could remember about ravens and writing desks, which wasn't much.

"The Dormouse is asleep again," said the Hatter, and he poured a little hot tea on his nose.

The Dormouse shook his head impatiently, and said, without opening his eyes, "Of

course, of course: just what I was going to remark myself."

"Have you guessed the riddle yet?" the Hatter said, turning to Alice again.

"No, I give it up," Alice replied. "What's the answer?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said the Hatter.

"Nor have I," said the March Hare.

Alice sighed wearily. "I think you might do something better with the time," she said, "than waste it in asking riddles that have no answers."

"If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "you wouldn't talk about wasting *it*. It's *him*."

"I don't know what you mean," said Alice.

"Of course you don't!" the Hatter said, tossing his head. "I dare say you never even spoke to Time!"

"Perhaps not," Alice replied. "But I know I have to beat time when I learn music."

"Ah! that accounts for it," said the Hatter. "He won't stand beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock.

For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons. You'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner!"

("I only wish it were," the March Hare said to himself in a whisper.)

"That would be grand, certainly," said Alice. "But then — I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know."

"Not at first, perhaps," said the Hatter. "But you could keep it at half-past one as long as you liked."

"Is that the way *you* manage?" Alice asked.

The Hatter shook his head mournfully. "Not I," he replied. "We quarreled last March — it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts and I had to sing:

Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you're at!

You know the song, perhaps?"

"I've heard something like it," said Alice.

"It goes on, you know," the Hatter continued, "in this way:

Up above the world you fly
Like a tea-tray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle...."

Here the Dormouse shook himself and began singing in his sleep, "Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle —" and went on so long that they had to pinch him to make him stop.

"Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse," said the Hatter, "when the Queen bawled out, 'He's murdering the time! Off with his head!'"

"How dreadfully savage!" exclaimed Alice.

"And ever since that," the Hatter went on in a mournful tone, "he won't do a thing I ask! It's always six o'clock now."

A bright idea came into Alice's head. "Is that the reason so many tea-things are put out here?" she asked.

"Yes, that's it," said the Hatter with a sigh. "It's always tea-time and we have no time to wash the things between whiles."

"Then you keep moving round, I suppose?" said Alice.

"Exactly so," said the Hatter; "as things get used up."

"But when you come to the beginning again?" asked Alice.

bawled out: shouted out.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. Can you picture to yourself how the Hatter and the Dormouse looked sitting at the table when Alice first saw them?
2. How did they greet Alice?
3. What did Alice do?
4. What was the riddle which the Hatter asked?
5. What was funny about the riddle?
6. What other funny things did they say?
7. What did they do to the poor Dormouse when he fell asleep? When he sang in his sleep?

II. THE DORMOUSE TELLS A STORY

"Suppose we change the subject," the March Hare interrupted, yawning. "I'm getting tired of this, I vote the young lady tell us a story."

"I'm afraid I don't know one," said Alice, rather alarmed at the proposal.

"Then the Dormouse shall!" they both cried. "Wake up, Dormouse!" And they pinched him on both sides at once.

The Dormouse slowly opened his eyes. "I wasn't asleep," he said in a hoarse, feeble voice. "I heard every word you fellows were saying."

"Tell us a story!" said the March Hare.

"Yes, please do!" pleaded Alice.

"And be quick about it," added the Hatter, "or you'll be asleep again before it's done."

proposal: plan.

"Once upon a time there were three little sisters," the Dormouse began in a great hurry; "and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived in the bottom of a well —"

"What did they live on?" said Alice, who always took a great interest in questions of eating and drinking.

"They lived on treacle," said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.

"They couldn't have done that, you know," Alice gently remarked; "they'd have been ill."

"So they were," said the Dormouse; "*very* ill."

Alice tried a little to fancy to herself what such a strange way of living would be like, but it puzzled her too much, so she went on: "But why did they live at the bottom of the well?"

"Take some more tea," the March Hare said to Alice, very earnestly.

"I've had nothing yet," Alice replied in an offended tone, "so I can't take more."

"You mean, you can't take *less*," said the Hatter. "It's very easy to take *more* than nothing."

treacle: molasses.

offended tone: hurt tone.

"Nobody asked *your* opinion," said Alice.

"Who's making personal remarks now?" asked the Hatter.

Alice did not quite know what to say to this; so she helped herself to some tea and bread-and-butter, and then turned to the Dormouse, and repeated her question. "Why did they live at the bottom of the well?"

The Dormouse again took a minute or two to think about it, and then said, "It was a treacle well."

"There's no such thing!" Alice was beginning very angrily, but the Hatter and the March Hare went "Sh! sh!" and the Dormouse sulkily remarked, "If you can't be civil, you'd better finish the story for yourself."

"No, please go on!" Alice said very humbly. "I won't interrupt you again. I dare say there may be *one*."

"One, indeed!" said the Dormouse indignantly. However, he consented to go on. "And so these three little sisters — they were learning to draw, you know —"

"What did they draw?" said Alice, quite forgetting her promise.

sulkily: with ill-humor.

“Treacle,” said the Dormouse, without considering at all this time.

Alice did not wish to offend the Dormouse again, so she began very carefully, “But I don’t understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?”

“You can draw water out of a water well,” said the Hatter. “So I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle well — eh, stupid?”

“But they were *in* the well,” Alice said to the Dormouse, not choosing to notice this last remark.

“Of course they were,” said the Dormouse — “well in.”

This answer so confused poor Alice, that she let the Dormouse go on for some time without interrupting.

“They were learning to draw,” the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing his eyes, for he was getting very sleepy; “and they drew all manner of things — everything that begins with an M —”

“Why with an M?” said Alice.

“Why not?” said the March Hare.

Alice was silent.

The Dormouse had closed his eyes by this time, and was going off into a doze, but, on being pinched by the Hatter, he woke up again with a little shriek, and went on: “— that begins with an M, such as mousetraps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness—you know you say things are ‘much of a muchness’—did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness?”

“Really, now you ask me,” said Alice, very much confused, “I don’t think —”

“Then you shouldn’t talk,” said the Hatter.

This piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear; she got up in great disgust and walked off. The Dormouse fell asleep instantly, and neither of the others took the least notice of her going, though she looked back once or twice, half hoping they would call after her. The last time she saw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.

“At any rate I’ll never go *there* again!” said Alice, as she picked her way through the wood.

“It’s the stupidest tea party I ever was at in all my life!”

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. Do you think Alice liked the story which the Dormouse told?
2. How can you tell that Alice was puzzled?
3. What are some of the questions Alice asked?
4. Why did the Dormouse become sulky?
5. What made Alice leave the party "in disgust"?
6. When she looked back, what were the Hatter and the Hare doing to the Dormouse?
7. Alice thought the party was stupid. What do you think about it?
8. Is the story true or made up?
Is it sad or funny?

SUPPLEMENTARY MATERIAL

You can make a little play out of this story very easily.

1. Select four pupils to take these parts:
The Hatter The March Hare The Dormouse Alice
2. Read what each one says. Leave out everything except the words which the one in the story really speaks.
3. When you are reading your part think how you must look and how your voice must sound when you say something
 - a. angrily
 - b. hastily
 - c. meekly
 - d. indignantly
 - e. mournfully
 - f. with a sigh
 - g. feebly
 - h. sulkily
4. If you would like to read more stories like this one, read *Alice in Wonderland*. Then read *Through the Looking-Glass, and What Alice Saw There*, and *The Hunting of the Snark*. These were all written by Lewis Carroll to amuse his little nieces.

MR. NOBODY

Author Unknown

Do you remember the answer of George Washington to his father's question: "Who chopped down my favorite cherry-tree?"

"I did, father, with my little hatchet."

Many people believe that the story of the cherry-tree isn't true. Possibly the reason is that so few will admit when they have done something wrong.

Most of us are only too willing to put the blame on some one else, or to say nothing at all about the wrong we have done.

In this poem, Mr. Nobody is the very convenient person on whom the blame for all the mischief may be laid. Do you like the idea of having Mr. Nobody to blame or would you rather say, "I did it"?

I KNOW a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done
In everybody's house!

There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree
That every plate we break was cracked
By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears our books,
Who leaves the door ajar,



He pulls the buttons from our shirts,
And scatters pins afar;

That squeaking door will always squeak,
For, prithee, don't you see,
We leave the oiling to be done
By Mr. Nobody.

He puts damp wood upon the fire,
That kettles cannot boil;

His are the feet that bring in mud,
And all the carpets soil.

The finger-marks upon the door
By none of us are made;
We never leave the blinds unclosed,
To let the curtains fade.

The ink we never spill; the boots
That lying 'round you see
Are not our boots — they all belong
To Mr. Nobody.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. Mr. Nobody is blamed for a number of things in the poem. Make up a list of eight things he is blamed for.
2. Did anything ever happen for which you blamed "Mr. Nobody"? Tell the class about it.

THE NINE LITTLE GOBLINS¹

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Spooky! That's what this poem is: downright spooky. But you have played Halloween games and you have read of ghosts, goblins, and witches before, so you are not afraid, are you?

"N-n-n-no!"

Why, that's just what we thought and exactly the answer we expected. Besides, you don't really have to

¹ From *Rhymes of Childhood*. Copyright, 1890-1918. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

be afraid of these goblins, because there was a very good reason for their "sitting on a high board fence." When you find out what it is, you will have a good laugh.

THEY all climbed up on a high board fence —
Nine little goblins, with green-glass eyes —
Nine little goblins that had no sense,
And couldn't tell coppers from cold mince
pies;
And they all climbed up on the fence
and sat —
And I asked them what they were staring at.

And the first one said, as he scratched his head
With a queer little arm which reached out
of his ear

And rasped its claws in his hair so red —

"This is what this little arm is fer!"

And he scratched and stared, and the next
one said,

"How on earth do you scratch your head?"

And he laughed like the screech of a rusty
hinge —

Laughed and laughed till his face grew black;

rasped: rubbed; scraped.

And when he choked with a final twinge
Of his stifling laughter, he thumped his back
With a fist that grew on the end of his tail
Till the breath came back to his lips so pale.

And the third little goblin leered round at me —
And there were no lids on his eyes at all —
And he clucked one eye, and he says, says he,
“What is the style of your socks this fall?”
And he clapped his heels — and I sighed
to see
That he had hands where his feet should be.

Then a bald-faced goblin, gray and grim,
Bowed his head, and I saw him slip
His eyebrows off, as I looked at him,
And paste them over his upper lip;
And then he moaned in remorseful pain —
“Would — ah, would I’d me brows again!”
And then the whole of the goblin band
Rocked on the fence-top to and fro,
And clung, in a long row, hand in hand,
Singing the songs that they used to know —

twinge: a sharp, sudden pain.

stifling: choking.

leered: looked at slyly and wickedly.

grim: fierce; stern.

remorseful: sorry.

Singing the songs that their grandsires
sung
In the goo-goo days of the goblin-tongue.

And ever they kept their green-glass eyes
Fixed on me with stony stare —
Till my own grew glazed with a dread surmise,
And my hat whooped up on my lifted hair,
And I felt the heart in my breast snap to,
As you've heard the lid of a snuff-box do.

And they sang, "You're asleep! There is no
board fence,
And never a goblin with green-glass eyes!
'Tis only a vision the mind invents
After a supper of cold mince pies. —
And you're doomed to dream this way,"
they said —
*"And you shan't wake up till you're
clean plumb dead."*

grandsires: grandfathers.

glazed: glassy.

surmise: suspicion; guess.

vision: something seen in imagination.

invents: imagines.

doomed: condemned.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. Read the first six lines of the poem, then close your eyes. Can you see the nine little goblins "sitting on the high board fence"? What kind of eyes have they?

2. What is queer about the first goblin? What is he doing?
3. How is the second goblin different from the others?
4. How did he laugh? Read from the poem, the line that tells you. Can you hear him laugh? How does a laugh like his make you feel?
5. Read the third stanza again. What is strange about the third goblin?
6. Why is he so much interested in socks?
7. Can you hear his heels clapping together?
8. What queer thing is the fourth goblin doing? What does he moan about?
9. What did the whole band of goblins do then? Can you hear their songs? What songs did they sing?
10. What happened to the man who was watching them perform?
11. Read the last stanza again. What is the explanation of these queer sights the man saw?
12. Which stanza did you think the spookiest? the funniest? Practice reading each stanza to see who can make the lines seem most spooky or most funny. You will have to change your voice.

SUPPLEMENTARY MATERIAL

1. Draw the four goblins described in the poem.
2. The fifth goblin is not described in the poem. Try to draw him making him a queer little fellow, too, but different from the others.
Read "Little Orphant Annie," by the same poet. It is also about goblins.

POOR HENRY

WALTER DE LA MARE

Castor oil! Ugh! What a dose! Without orange juice or sarsaparilla to drown the awful smell, the terrible taste! "Do I have to take that horrid stuff? I'd almost rather die!" But it did you good just as your mother and

the doctor said it would. It cured poor Henry, too, though he carried on about taking it, just as you do perhaps.

THICK in its glass
The physic stands;
Poor Henry lifts
Distracted hands;
His round cheek wans
In the candlelight,
To smell that smell!
To see that sight!

Finger and thumb
Clinch his small nose,
A gurgle, a gasp,
And down it goes;
Scowls Henry now;
But mark that cheek,
Sleek with the bloom
Of health next week!

physic: a medicine to purge or clean out the body.

lifts distracted hands: raises his hands to show his upset state of mind.

wans: pales.

clinch: grasp firmly.

gurgle: a murmuring, bubbling sound.

gasp: a quick, painful effort to catch the breath.

sleek: smooth.



GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. What happens when Henry sees the dose of medicine he must take? Why does he do this?
2. What has to be done to get him to take the medicine? What does he do just after it has gone down?
3. Does the medicine do him good? Read the lines of the poem that tell you.
4. Did you ever take a dose like this? Tell about it.

THE BRAHMAN, THE TIGER, AND THE JACKAL

AN OLD HINDU TALE — DRAMATIZED

Here is a fable in the form of a little play. The characters are all animals, except the Brahman and the Banyan Tree. The religion of the Brahman teaches him to be kind to animals. In this fable, as in others, the animals and trees are supposed to be able to talk just as human beings talk. The fable also teaches a lesson. When you have read the play, you should be able to tell the lesson which you have learned.

CHARACTERS

THE BRAHMAN

THE BULLOCK

THE TIGER

THE EAGLE

THE BANYAN TREE

THE ALLIGATOR

THE CAMEL

THE JACKAL

(A Brahman is walking along a road in India. On the road, he passes an iron cage in which a fierce tiger is shut up.)

Tiger. Brother Brahman, brother Brahman, have pity on me and let me out of this cage for

Brahman: a Hindu priest.

Jackal: a wild animal, something like a dog, noted for being clever, sly, and cunning.

Characters: persons in a play or story.

Banyan Tree: a fig-bearing tree of India. Its branches send out roots into the air. These roots grow down to the ground and form new trunks. It is called banyan tree because the space beneath the tree was often used by merchants (banyans) as a trading place.

just one little minute. I want to drink a little water, for I am dying of thirst.

Brahman. No, I will not. You are locked up in that cage because the villagers are afraid of you. If I let you out, you will probably eat me.

Tiger. Oh, father of mercy, in truth I will not. I will never be so ungrateful. Only let me out. I tell you I am dying of thirst. I will get a drink of water and return at once to my cage.

Brahman. Then, because I pity you, I will let you out.

(The Brahman opens the door of the cage and the tiger jumps out.)

Tiger (coming close to the Brahman). Well, I'm glad I'm out of *that*. Now I will eat you and after that I will drink the water.

Brahman. Wait! Don't be in such a hurry! Let us first ask the opinion of six, and if all of them say it is just and fair that you should kill me, then I am willing to die.

Tiger. Very well, it shall be as you say. We will first ask the opinion of six.

father of mercy: a respectful way of addressing a person in India.

(*They walk on till they come to the Banyan Tree.*)

Brahman. Banyan Tree, Banyan Tree, hear and give judgment.

Banyan Tree. On what must I give judgment?

Brahman. I found this Tiger shut up in a cage and dying of thirst. He begged me to let him out so that he might get some water. He promised not to hurt me if I did as he asked. Now that he is out, he wants to eat me! Is it just that he should do so?

Banyan Tree. How often have men come to take shelter from the scorching rays of the sun, in the cool shade of my leaves! How often after they have rested, have they cut and broken my beautiful branches and wantonly scattered my leaves! Let the tiger eat the man, for men are an ungrateful race.

Tiger. Do you hear that, Brahman? I shall eat you now!

Brahman. No you won't, Tiger. Did you not promise that we would first hear the judgment of six? Let us go on.

Tiger. Very well. Go on!

(*They start on their way and meet a Camel.*)

scorching: burning.

wantonly: in a reckless, unnecessary way.

Brahman. Sir Camel, Sir Camel, hear and give judgment.

Camel. On what shall I give judgment?

Brahman. I found this Tiger shut up in a cage and dying of thirst. He begged me to let him out so that he might get some water. He promised not to hurt me if I did as he asked. Now that he is out, he wants to eat me! Is it just that he should do so?

Camel. When I was young and strong, and could do much work, my master took care of me and gave me good food; but now that I am old, and have lost all my strength in his service, he overloads me and starves me and beats me without mercy. Let the Tiger eat the man, for men are an unjust and cruel race.

Tiger. Well, are you satisfied? *Now* I shall eat you!

Brahman. No, no! First we must hear the judgment of six.

(So they continued on their way and came to a Bullock on the road.)

Brahman. Brother Bullock, Brother Bullock, hear and give judgment.

Bullock. On what must I give judgment?

Bullock: a young bull or ox.

Brahman. I found this Tiger shut up in a cage and dying of thirst. He begged me to let him out so that he might get some water. He promised not to hurt me if I did as he asked. Now that he is out, he wants to eat me! Is it fair that he should do so?

Bullock. When I was able to work, my master fed me well and tended me carefully; but now that I am old he has forgotten all I did for him, and left me by the roadside to die. Let the Tiger eat the man for men have no pity.

(An Eagle flies over the place where the three are talking.)

Brahman. Oh Eagle, great Eagle, hear and give judgment.

Eagle. On what must I give judgment?

Brahman. I found this Tiger shut up in a cage and dying of thirst. He begged me to let him out so that he might get some water. He promised not to hurt me if I did as he asked. Now that he is out, he wants to eat me! Is it just that he should do so?

Eagle. Whenever men see me they try to shoot me. They climb the rocks and steal away my little ones. Let the Tiger eat the

man, for men are the persecutors of the earth.

Tiger (with a loud roar). The judgment of all is against you! I shall eat you now.

Brahman. You must wait a little longer. Two others must be asked.

(They go on. They come to a river and meet an Alligator.)

Brahman. Good morning, kind Alligator. Hear and give judgment.

Alligator. On what must I give judgment?

Brahman. I found this Tiger shut up in a cage and dying of thirst. He begged me to let him out so that he might get some water. He promised not to hurt me if I did as he asked. Now that he is out, he wants to eat me! Is it just that he should do so?

Alligator. Whenever I put my nose out of the water men torment me and try to kill me. Let the Tiger eat the man, for as long as men live we shall have no rest.

Brahman. Well, Tiger, it looks very bad for me. But I have one more chance. I shall ask the opinion of Uncle Jackal who has just arrived. *(They both turn to the Jackal.)*

Brahman. Uncle Jackal, Uncle Jackal, hear and give judgment.



Jackal. On what must I give judgment?

Brahman. I found this Tiger shut up in a cage and dying of thirst. He begged me to let him out so that he might get some water. He promised not to hurt me if I did as he asked.

Now that he is out, he wants to eat me! Is it just that he should do so?

Jackal (shaking his head thoughtfully). I do not seem to understand you very well. I think I could give a better judgment if you took me to the place where all this happened. Will you do that?

(The Brahman, the Tiger and the Jackal return to the cage.)

Jackal (to the Brahman). Now let us go over the whole story again. You say you were in the cage when the Tiger came walking by?

Tiger (impatiently). No, no, no. *He* was not in the cage: *I* was.

Jackal (pretending to be very much frightened). Of course! To be sure, I was in the cage. No, I wasn't. Oh, dear me, I must be losing my senses. Let me see (*putting his finger on his forehead*) — The Brahman was in the Tiger and the cage came walking by — no, that's not the story, either. Well, I give up. You might just as well go on with your dinner, Mr. Tiger, for I fear I shall never understand just what did happen!

Tiger (very angry). Yes, you shall. I'll

make you understand. Look here, pay attention. I am the Tiger.

Jackal. Yes, my Lord!

Tiger. And that is the Brahman.

Jackal. Yes, my Lord!

Tiger. And I was in the cage. Do you understand?

Jackal. Yes, I do and I don't. Please don't be angry with me; but how do you mean you were in the cage? And what were you doing?

Tiger (*losing his patience and jumping into the cage*). You stupid fool! I was in the cage like this and I stood facing the road, so! Now, do you understand?

Brahman. And the door was shut and bolted this way.

(*Shuts and bolts the door as he speaks.*)

Jackal. Oh, now it is perfectly clear, my Lord. And if you will not become too angry, you wicked and ungrateful Tiger, we will allow matters to remain as they were — you inside the cage and we outside. Come, friend Brahman, let us leave this place at once.

(*They go off together.*)

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. Was the Brahman kind-hearted, cruel, or mean?
2. What happened in the play which will help you answer question one?
3. If you had been the Brahman would you have let the Tiger out? What reason have you for your answer?
4. What did the Tiger do when he was let out of the cage?
5. How did the Brahman stop the Tiger from killing him?
6. Why, do you think, did the Brahman want to ask six judges?
7. Why did each of the following decide against the Brahman?
 - a. The Banyan Tree
 - b. The Camel
 - c. The Bullock
 - d. The Eagle
 - e. The Alligator
8. Do you think they were right? Why?
9. Was the Jackal
 - a. dumb?
 - b. cunning?
 - c. stupid?
10. What happened in the play which helps you answer question nine?
11. When the Jackal and the Brahman walked away together, were you
 - a. glad?
 - b. sorry?
 - c. indifferent (not caring)?
12. Give a reason for your answer.
13. In a short statement tell what lesson you have learned from this play.
14. Did any part of the play frighten you? Why?
 Did any part of the play make you laugh? Why?
 Did any part of the play make you sad? Why?

SUGGESTIONS FOR ACTING THIS PLAY

(*To the Teacher.*)

1. Read the play aloud several times. Permit different children to take the different parts at each reading.
2. Let the class vote for the children whom they consider best fitted for the parts.
3. Then the play may be acted or read by the chosen ones.
4. By class discussion, decide whether costumes are necessary and what these costumes shall be.

Other Tales of India are: *Jataka Tales* by Ellen G. Babbitt.

Other plays like this to read or act: *Quaint Old Stories to Read and Act*, by Marion F. Lansing.

GOOD STORIES TO READ

Canfield, Dorothy: *Made-to-Order Stories*.

Colum, Padraic: *Peep-Show Man*.

Coolidge, Susan: *Cross Patch and Other Stories*.

Harris, J. C.: *Nights with Uncle Remus*.

Paine, A. B.: *How Mr. Rabbit Lost His Tail*.

Skinner, E. L. and A. M.: *Merry Tales*.

Smith, N. A.: *Children of the Lighthouse*.

HISTORY STORIES

KING ALFRED AND THE BEGGAR

It is very difficult for nine-year-old boys and girls to think that this story is about a real king who lived more than a thousand years ago.

The real king's name was Alfred and he was King of England. The Danes, who lived just across a narrow strip of water from England, were his enemies. The Danes and the English were at war. Alfred could not defeat them. His men were weak and hungry. With them he hid on a farm until they became strong again.

One day a beggar came to the farm for food. Alfred shared the little he had with the beggar. Later Alfred was rewarded for his unselfishness.

This is one of the many interesting anecdotes told about this wonderful king, who was loved by all his people.

KING ALFRED was forced to hide from the Danes. He chose a farmhouse in a lonely part of the country. Everything about it gave evidence of being very poor. The farmer could not raise any crops, for as soon as he sowed his seeds, the swamps about his land

difficult: hard to do.

enemies: people who wish others harm.

rewarded: given something in return.

unselfishness: generosity.

gave evidence: showed signs.

would fill with water. Even the creeks seemed to hold no fish for the farmer.



The farmer and his wife were very poor, but they were glad to serve their king. The little food left was gladly divided among Alfred's men.

Many days passed. Alfred was growing discouraged. Shaking his head sadly, he said

creeks: small streams; brooks.

discouraged: losing heart.

to himself that he could never lead his men against the Danes.

The farmer's wife, whom the men called "Mother," because she was so good to them, listened to him. "Cheer up," she said, "God will help you for you are a good and kind ruler."

However, he could not help feeling sad and distressed over his misfortune. His men had gone to the creek again, hoping to catch some fish. As he sat there in deep thought, a beggar suddenly appeared in the doorway.

"Good sire, may I have something to eat?" begged the stranger.

"Mother," said Alfred to the farmer's wife, "what have we to give this poor man?"

"There is but one loaf of bread in the house," answered the woman.

"Well," replied Alfred, "give this man half of the loaf."

The beggar disappeared. A deep sleep fell upon the king. He dreamed that an angel appeared before him. The angel whispered these comforting words to him: "Your fortune has changed. You will defeat the Danes. Your faith and trust will be rewarded." Then the angel disappeared.

Alfred awoke feeling happier than he had for a long time. His men returned happy. Their bags were filled with fish. There was enough to last many days. They became strong and courageous.

As the angel had said, King Alfred soon led his men against the Danes and defeated them so badly that never again did they attempt to capture his land.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. Why was King Alfred discouraged?
2. Why did he go to the farmhouse?
3. What did they call the farmer's wife?
4. Do you know who the beggar was?
5. How did Alfred know that he would defeat the Danes?
6. Why was Alfred rewarded?

THINGS TO DO

1. Point out England on a map.
2. Show your class where the Danes lived. There is a country called Denmark from which the enemies of Alfred came.
3. A pantomime is a story in actions and not words. The actors are silent. The story is told by gesture, movement, and facial expressions. Can you make a pantomime of "Alfred and the Beggar"?
4. If you like to act in plays, the scene between Alfred and the Beggar will make a fine little play. Try it.

ANOTHER WAY TO SEE IF YOU KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE READ

1. King Alfred hid because he
 - a. was afraid of the Danes
 - b. wanted his men to get strong

- c. wanted to give a loaf of bread to a beggar
- 2. The beggar came
 - a. for a loaf of bread
 - b. to see if Alfred was unselfish
 - c. to tell the Danes where he was hiding
- 3. The farmer helped the king because
 - a. he was paid to do so
 - b. he wanted to fight the Danes
 - c. he loved his king and his country
- 4. Alfred was king of the
 - a. Danes
 - b. English
 - c. French

THE TEST OF ABRAHAM'S FAITH ¹

ALBERT MASON HARRIS

In the early times the Hebrews worshiped God by building an altar of stones, making a fire on it, and then burning in the fire the body of some animal that had been properly killed and cleaned. Sometimes it was a sheep or a goat, sometimes a dove, sometimes a whole ox. When Solomon dedicated the temple, he sacrificed "two and twenty thousand sheep." But God never commanded that a human being should be sacrificed to him as a burnt offering. You shall see how He did not allow it to be done on this occasion. He was testing Abraham, to see if he would obey as the story which follows will tell you.

AND it came to pass after these things, that God did tempt Abraham, and said unto him, "Abraham."

tempt: test.

¹ From *Old Testament Readings*, by Albert Mason Harris. Used by permission of the Johnson Publishing Company, Richmond, Virginia.

And he said, "Behold, here I am."

And He said, "Take now thy son, thine only son, Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering upon the mountains which I tell thee of."



And Abraham rose early in the morning, saddled his donkey, took two of his young men with him, and Isaac his son, and clave the wood for the burnt offering. Then he went unto the place of which God had told him.

clave: cut.

On the third day Abraham lifted up his eyes, and saw the place afar off.

And Abraham said unto his young men, "Abide ye here with the donkey, while I and the lad go yonder to worship, and come again to you."

And Abraham took the wood of the burnt offering, and laid it upon Isaac his son; took the fire in his hand, and a knife; and they went away, both of them together.

And Isaac spake unto Abraham his father, and said, "My father."

And Abraham said, "Here am I, my son."

And Isaac said, "Behold the fire and the wood; but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?"

And Abraham said, "My son, God will provide Himself a lamb for a burnt offering"; so they went both of them together.

And when they came to the place which God had told them of, Abraham built an altar there, laid the wood in order, bound Isaac his son, and laid him on the altar upon the wood.

abide: stay.

altar: a structure built usually out of stones, on which the sacrifice was offered.

And Abraham stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his son.

And the Angel of the Lord called unto him out of heaven and said, "Abraham, Abraham."

And Abraham answered, "Here am I."

And the Angel said, "Lay not thine hand upon the lad; neither do thou say anything unto him; for now I know thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me."

And Abraham lifted up his eyes, and looked; and behold, behind him a ram was caught in the thicket by his horns. Abraham went and took the ram, and offered him up for a burnt offering in the stead of his son.

thicket: a dense growth of shrubbery.

stead: in place of.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. What did God order Abraham to do?
2. How did Abraham explain to Isaac the fact that there was no lamb for a burnt offering?
3. When Abraham reached the place of which God had told him, what did he do?
4. What happened as Abraham was about to slay Isaac?
5. Who took the place of Isaac upon the altar?

If you like this story, read the "Story of Joseph" from the Bible or a book of Bible stories.

GOOD STORIES TO READ

Bailey, C. S.: *Hero Stories*.

Baldwin, James: *American Book of Golden Deeds*.

Baldwin, James: *Four Great Americans*.

Beebe, M. B.: *Four American Naval Heroes*.

Coe, F. E.: *Founders of Our Country*.

Gale, A. C.: *Achilles and Hector*.

Hall, Jennie: *Men of Old Greece*.

Hemstreet, Charles: *Story of Manhattan*.

Mace, W. H.: *Lincoln, Man of the People*.

Tappan, Eva M.: *American Hero Stories*.

ADDITIONAL STORY AND POEMS

BRUCE AND THE SPIDER

(Adapted)

MORE than five hundred years ago, there lived in the kingdom of Scotland, a brave monarch named Robert Bruce. King Robert was always at war with his neighbor, the King of England, who wished to conquer the rocky kingdom and add it to his own. Battle after battle had been fought. Six times he led his brave little army against the enemy and six times he was beaten and driven back.

At last the time came when King Robert was forced to hide himself in the woods. That night Robert Bruce could not sleep. He saw before him as in a dream, millions of English soldiers, warmly dressed, well-fed, and well-armed, awaiting the word to attack his small army of starving soldiers. His mind was made up in an instant: he would surrender.

Just as he reached this decision, he opened his eyes and looked out through the open door. His gaze was attracted by a spider who was trying to spin her web across the wide

doorway. He smiled at the courage of the spider, who, failing each time to carry the thread across the opening, still kept on trying. Six times she tried and six times it fell short.

But the spider did not lose hope with the sixth failure. With still more care, she made ready to try for the seventh time. Bruce almost forgot his own troubles as he watched her swing herself out upon the slender line. Would she fail again? No! The thread was safely carried to the beam and fastened there.

Robert Bruce arose and sent out messengers to call his men together. If that little spider had courage enough to try again and again, until she succeeded, why shouldn't he, Bruce, the bravest king Scotland had ever had, do the same?

Bruce called his men together again. He cheered them with his words of encouragement. They were happy to see their leader cheerful again and fought with such spirit and courage that the King of England was glad to go back to his own country, never to return. Since then, every Scotch boy and girl is thankful to the spider for the lesson which it taught their king.

AN IMPETUOUS RESOLVE¹

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

WHEN little Dickie Swope's a man
He's go' to be a Sailor
An' little Hamey Tincher, he's
A-go' to be a Tailor:
Bud Mitchell, he's a-go' to be
A stylish Carriage-Maker;



¹ From *Rhymes of Childhood*. Copyright, 1890-1918. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

An' when I grow a grea'-big man,
I'm go' to be a Baker.

An' Dick'll buy his sailor suit
O' Hame; an Hame'll take it
An' buy as fine a double-rig
As ever Bud kin make it:
An' nen all three'll drive roun' fer me,
An' we'll drive off togevver,
A-singin' pie-crust 'long the road
Ferever an' ferever.

THE LOST SHOE

WALTER DE LA MARE

Poor little Lucy
By some mischance
Lost her shoe
As she did dance;
'Twas not on the stairs
Not in the hall;
Not where they sat
At supper at all.
She looked in the garden,
But there it was not;
Henhouse, or kennel,

Or high dovecote.
Dairy and meadow,
And wild woods through
Showed not a trace
Of Lucy's shoe.



Bird nor bunny
Nor glimmering moon
Breathed a whisper
Of where 'twas gone.

It was cried and cried
Oyez and Oyez!
In French, Dutch, Latin,
And Portuguese.
Ships and dark seas
Went plunging through,
But none brought news
Of Lucy's shoe;
And still she patters
In silk and leather,
O'er snow, sand, shingle,
In every weather;
Spain, and Africa,
Hindustan,
Java, China,
And lamped Japan;
Plain and desert,
She hops — hops through,
Pernambuco
To gold Peru;
Mountain and forest,
And river, too,
All the world over
For her lost shoe.

GOOD POEMS AND STORIES TO READ

Bender, M. S.: *Great Opera Stories.*

Burt, M. E.: *Poems That Every Child Should Know.*

De la Mare, Walter: *Peacock Pie.*

Dunham, Edith: *Jogging Around the World.*

Hardy, Thomas: *Flying Carpet.*

Kipling, Rudyard: *Just So Stories.*

Kupfer, G. H.: *Stories of Long Ago.*

Lang, Jeanie: *Stories from the Faerie Queen.*

Moulton, L. C.: *Bedtime Stories.*

Richards, L. E.: *Quicksilver Sue.*

Stevenson, R. L.: *A Child's Garden of Verses.*

A PLAY FOR STUDY AND PRODUCTION

DIRECTIONS FOR DRAMATIZATION

"I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage where every man must play a part."

SHAKESPEARE

TO THE TEACHER

It is in the world of make-believe that each child loves to play a part. Dramatization is the most vitalizing force in the classroom; without it lessons lack fire and vitality. It is for us, teachers, then, to use it as the motivation for greater interest in literature. Therefore, in addition to the one-act plays found in this series, we suggest that whenever possible, stories and poems be dramatized. One of the most delightful surprises awaits a teacher who has not tried the dramatization of stories extemporaneously. In this type of work, different children are assigned to different parts; time is given to them for silent study of the dialogue each is to reproduce or create, and then, the wonder of wonders! The children act, and because each has created his own interpretation, a spirit prevails that no rehearsals can give. This extemporaneous dramatization is worth trying, for it encourages creative composition. Some of the dramatizations listed in this book may also be presented in the school assembly so that those acting may get that wonderful, never-to-be-forgotten joy of appearing before the footlights.

Of course in this grade the children are too young to attempt anything but the simplest plays. Constant

practice in impromptu dramatization, however, will prepare them for the longer dramatizations to be found in collections of plays recommended for this grade. If it is at all possible, at least one play should be produced before the assembly and should be as perfect as a play in this grade can possibly be. The children should be assigned active parts not only in the acting of the play but also in its production, taking care of properties, costumes, etc. In this grade the children are ready for these projects.

TO THE PUPILS

The selection that follows is different from most of the stories you have read thus far. It also tells a story, but it is written in a different form. In the other stories, the author, himself, tells you about the people, but in the following selection the characters speak and act for themselves. This form of story is called a play or dramatization. "The Tiger, the Brahman and the Jackal," that you read before this, is also a play.

Plays are not only to be read but also to be acted on a stage before an audience. We all love to take part, and there is always a part that suits us perfectly. So, if you want to pretend that you are a princess or a Brahman, read the plays in this book carefully, and study your part so that you know it well. You must always remember one thing when you're acting in a play; that is that you are always some one else, and must act as that some one else would act. You must forget all about yourself — you must disappear. If you do this, you may some day become a great actor like those you see on the stage and on the screen, for when they were little boys and girls like you, they, too, took part in just such plays as are given here in this book.

A PRINCESS AND A CHURN

VIRGINIA OLCOTT

Many of us often wish for riches, thinking that money can make us happy. In the playlet that follows you will learn what is much more important than wealth.

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

PRINCESS ROSALINDE

grows weary of the Palace and its gilded splendor, and runs away to the cottage of

BARBARA

the peasant maid. There, the royal maiden learns to value the happiness that her own life gives.

ACT I

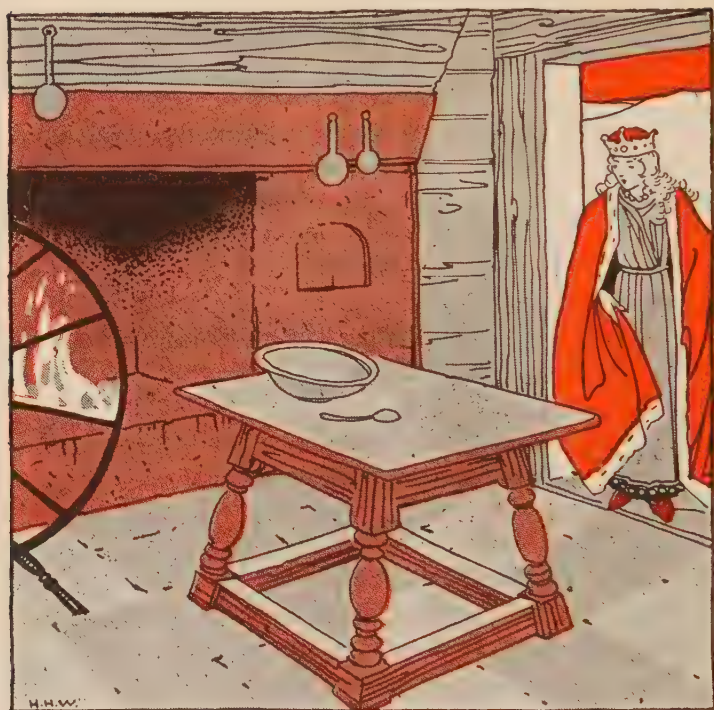
SCENE: *The cottage home of MAID BARBARA. A bright room with a fire burning briskly on the hearth. In the center of the room is a small table and chair. A seat and a spinning-wheel are near the hearth and a churn stands near the window. As the curtain rises PRINCESS ROSALINDE is seen by the open door, her rich gown of blue velvet and her glittering crown making a strange picture in the room.*

Princess Rosalinde (amazed). What a strange room! It is so fair and bright, and yet — my eyes have never seen such strange
weary: tired.

gilded splendor: splendor means richness. What do you think “gilded splendor” means?

hearth: floor of a fireplace.

churn: a wooden tank in which milk or cream is shaken up to make butter.



furnishings! It does not look like the Palace! *(Coming farther into the room.)* Oh, but I like it very very much! *(Pointing to the churn.)* I wonder what this is? I have never seen anything like it at the Palace — it's wonderful! *(She examines the churn with much interest, then crosses to the seat near the hearth and sits.)* This seat — is — hard — but I am glad! For I am so tired of ugly velvet cushions! I wish I had a throne like this in the Palace.

(Very bitterly.) Oh, how I hate the Palace! I am weary of them all — the knights and ladies — my golden bed and the big empty rooms! *(Rising from her seat.)* I have — a fair — mind — never — to — go — back! And when my nobles come to fetch me, I shall say, “Be gone! Burn the Palace, and tell my people that hereafter I shall dwell in this cottage!” *(Seriously.)* Oh, but I can’t. In a little time Dame Lisa will find me missing, and then she will come and lead me back to the Palace, and there I shall stay and embroider in the shadows all the long days.

(She sits buried in grief. In the cottage there is silence. Then the door opens and Maid Barbara enters. She is clad in her simple peasant gown and carries a bundle of gathered fagots. Her usually sweet face is darkened with child-anger. She throws the wood near the hearth — then starts at discovering the Princess.)

Barbara. A stranger in my home! *(With a pretty curtsy.)* I bid you welcome! *(In recognition.)* Your Highness!

Princess Rosalinde (rising). I found the door open and I entered. Is this your play-house?

clad: dressed.

fagots: a bundle of sticks for firewood.

curtsy: bow.

Barbara (in wonder). Playhouse! No, it's my home. (*Proudly.*) And in all the country there is none fairer.

Princess Rosalinde. Your home? Really? Ah, tell me, do you live here — and sleep — day and night?

Barbara (nodding). Yes.

Princess Rosalinde (pointing to the churn). And that strange thing — what manner of use is it?

Barbara. It is my churn!

Princess Rosalinde. Churn?

Barbara (wisely). It makes the butter, like this (*she churns it*) and I sell it at the market.

Princess Rosalinde (crossing and touching the churn timidly). It's very strange. And so it's this tub and the maid's strong hands that make the golden butter! I like its looks! (*To Barbara.*) Why haven't I a churn at the Palace? I would rather make butter than embroider!

Barbara (amazed). Your Highness make butter! You speak in jest! It's only peasant's work.

jest: fun.

Princess Rosalinde (pettishly). I would be a peasant, then!

Barbara (wistfully). And I wish I were a Princess! It's a wearisome thing to be a peasant always!

Princess Rosalinde (going to the seat). Yes, but it is a worse fate to be a Princess! Tell me, maiden, more of the wonders that you peasants do.

Barbara (soberly). The days are all too short for my many duties. I tend the geese — I go to market — then I must hurry to the forest to gather wood for the hearth, and at twilight I sit and spin by my cottage door, with the winds and the stars for my companions.

Princess Rosalinde (eagerly). Yes! Yes! and then —

Barbara (simply). I go to the fold to see if all is well with the sheep, then I say my prayers — and sleep — and then it's another day.

Princess Rosalinde (excitedly). Oh, I wish I were a peasant! I am so weary of my velvets, and my crown presses heavily on my fold: sheepfold; a covered yard where sheep are kept.

brow! (*Wildly.*) Barbara, dear Barbara, teach me how to spin! Make me a peasant maid and I will give you my crown and silken dress.

Barbara. Your Highness — a — peasant!

Princess Rosalinde. Yes, I order it! Give me your apron and your little cap and you wear my crown and this hateful cloak!

(*As she speaks she unclasps her rich cloak and takes off the heavy crown from her tired head. Barbara watches with wonder, yet with joy in her eyes.*)

Princess Rosalinde (with impatience). Hurry! Hurry! Give me your apron and hat! I will be a peasant — and you — may be the Princess and live in the Palace forever.

Barbara (tying the apron around the royal waist). It's a wonder! Yet I must obey! (*Timidly.*) Will Your Highness be seated while I bind your hair? Flying locks are not suited to my tidy cottage.

(*The little Princess sits hastily as Barbara binds the long curls. At last it is finished, and she stands, a sweet-faced peasant child with bodice, apron, and hat.*)

Princess Rosalinde (with intense joy). Oh, my heart, how light it is! Is this happiness, Barbara? Are all peasants so filled with glad-

ness? (*She speaks with pity as Barbara timidly covers her dress with the heavy cloak and bends to take the crown.*) How selfish I am, to bid you wear a crown!



Barbara (to herself). It's real — real gold — and covered with glittering gems! (*She places the crown on her loosened braids and turns to the Princess.*) Am I really a royal Princess? Shall I have lords to wait upon me?
glittering: shining.

And silver toys to play with? And live in the Palace forever and ever?

Princess Rosalinde. Yes, you shall have all that your heart desires — save happiness; that was never meant for a Princess.

Barbara (dreamily). A Princess — a royal Princess! What will the neighbors say? I will go to them that they may see my splendor, then I will go to the Palace.

(She walks very grandly from the cottage, as the Princess runs to the spinning-wheel and tries to spin.)

Princess Rosalinde (with simple pleasure). Turn, little wheel, turn, turn! A peasant bids thee! This thread must be the finest ever spun for it's joy that makes the wheel go 'round!

(The Princess vainly tries to make the wheel turn, but the thread snaps. After several failures, she rises from her seat in impatience.)

Faith, it's no easy matter to spin! I wonder if there is something wrong with the wheel? For, surely, if a simple peasant maid can turn that flax into a thread, I, a royal Princess, should have the wisdom! It's the wheel alone that is at fault!

(She tries once more, but the thread snaps, with a jerk, at her awkward movements.)

vainly: without success.

Alas, it's a wearisome work! I don't like it! (*Rising.*) I don't care to spin! I think I will make the butter for the market in the morning. *That* is an easy task.

(She looks timidly at the churn, and then steps back, and surveys it, wonderingly.)

I must mind how Barbara did it! She held the strange handle — so — and — and — she raised — it — so-o.

(With unsteady hands she raises the heavy handle, and the milk splatters to the stone floor, and all over her white apron. Startled and afraid, she kneels on the floor and examines the milk.)

(In amazement.) Why — it — is — milk — only milk! Barbara said that it was butter! Here is a marvel, indeed! I wonder who put the milk in the churn! What would Barbara say if she knew that such a terrible misfortune had fallen in her cottage! (*Thinking.*) I would like to know what is best to do. (*Peeps timidly within the churn.*) It's filled with evil! (*Wisely.*) I think it's best to throw it on the hearth — the fire will burn it, and then I shall make some real butter.

(She drags the churn to the fireside — and pours out the milk, and then she drags it back to the window

timidly: shyly; in fear.

spatters: splashes.

and begins to churn vigorously. After a few moments she peeps into the churn to see her work. The churn is empty! With eyes wide open and hands clasped, the frightened child steps back in terror.)

It's empty! There is nothing in it! Oh, where is the butter? I fear it is a fairy-power that has made this evil work! This cottage is bewitched! I cannot stay here longer — it's so lonesome with no one to speak to. (*Wistfully.*) I wish Dame Lisa would make haste and come



to me! This room is more terrible than the Palace. (*Shivering.*) How cold it grows! I wish I had my velvet cloak to keep the chill away. Maybe the fire will warm me. (*She kneels beside the cold hearth, whose flames have been killed by the milk.*) Alas, the fire is dead! There are ashes only on the hearth; And the shadows are falling fast and I have no light. Oh, I wish I were at home again, safe and happy in the Palace! (*Weeping.*) Lisa, oh, Lisa, I bid you come to me!

(*She sits sobbing with fright before the hearth. There is a pause, then the door opens, and Barbara rushes in, breathless and anxious. She still wears the crown, her hair is in disorder, and she drags after her the velvet cloak, soiled and torn.*)

Barbara. I met my sheep a-straying in the fields! You left the gate unguarded and they wandered off —

Princess Rosalinde (*with outstretched hands*). You — have — come — back?

Barbara (*explaining*). It was a long way to the Palace — and I didn't like it! There was nothing but bows and foolish words, which I could not understand. And the Palace rooms were too large — and the thousand candles unguarded: unwatched.

hurt my eyes — it was not like the light of the stars — that is soft and gentle! And there was a strange dame, who scolded me for playing near the forest! And what do you think! She ordered me to throw away these May-flowers (*holds out a bunch of gathered flowers*) that I had plucked in the fields on my journey to the Palace. And so — I ran away.

(*She looks around her dear cottage in contentment.*)

Princess Rosalinde (*wildly — rising*). I am not alone any longer. Oh, Barbara, dear Barbara, this cottage was so lonely and I had nothing but fear in my heart — because — (*whispering*) the — churn — has — fairy-power! It's bewitched! Listen, a spirit stole your butter and put some evil milk in its place.

Barbara (*peeping in the churn*). What have you done? It's empty!

Princess Rosalinde. It was bewitched. So I poured the terrible milk on the hearth — then the Fairy cast its spell upon the flames, and — and — the fire went out! See, you?

Barbara (*disturbed*). Yes, I see now — and my thread is broken, and — and —. It's well I am home once more! Give me my

apron! No longer will I wear your crown; it's heavy for my head.

(The maids return the borrowed garments, and once more they are content; the little Princess wrapped in her velvet, clasps her crown — and the peasant in hat and apron kneels before the fallen spinning-wheel.)

Princess Rosalinde (wondering). You — like — it — here? You think it fairer than the Palace? Tell me!

Barbara (mending the broken thread). This is my home. It's the fairest place in the wide world to me.

Princess Rosalinde (sadly). And my home is so far. I do not know the paths that lead there. Dear Barbara, I will give you many riches if you but take me home — home to the Palace.

Barbara. Yes, Your Highness, I will take you there. The Palace is the rightful place for you; your ways are not suited to a cottage. And hereafter I will remember that my ways are cottage ways and I wish no others.

(The curtain falls, as cloaked and with a lighted lantern she leads the little Princess to the door.)

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. Why was the Princess unhappy?
2. Where did she go?
3. Name the things in Barbara's house that interested her.

4. What did Barbara wish?
5. How does Barbara get her wish?
6. What are some of the things that Barbara had to do?
7. After Barbara's departure, what does the Princess try to do?
8. Why does the Princess weep?
9. Why didn't Barbara like to be a Princess?
10. Which lines in the play really teach the lesson that the author meant to teach when she wrote this play?
11. How does the Princess get home to the Palace?

FILL IN THE BLANKS IN THE FOLLOWING STORY

..... is a Princess who is unhappy. She grows weary of her palace friends and away. She finds herself before cottage and walks in! "What a delightful place. It must be a, " she thinks.

Here she discovers two new things that she had never seen before; a and a

When returns, she exchanges with the Princess, and goes off to the Here she meets lords and ladies who to her and say foolish words. She cannot stand the bright lights of the Palace, and runs back to her own

In the meantime, the tries to turn some flax into with the aid of the, but the snaps! She also tries to make in the, but is not

Barbara comes just in time to help her out of her difficulty. The Princess weeps and is glad to go Each one thinks her own home the

GOOD PLAYS — TO READ AND ACT

Bird, G. E., and Starling, Maud: *Historical Plays for Children*.

Gerstenberg, Alice: *Alice in Wonderland*.

Dalkeith, Lena: *Little Plays*.

Harris, Frances Helen: *Little Plays for Little People*.

Olcott, Virginia: *Patriotic Plays for Young People*.

Skinner, Ada M.: *Dramatic Stories for Reading and Acting*.

PROVERBS AND MAXIMS

Where there's a will, there's a way.

Too many cooks spoil the broth.

Politeness costs nothing and wins everything.

Doing nothing is doing ill.

The man who does everything for gain does
nothing for good.

One good deed is worth one hundred promises.

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.

A faithful friend is better than gold.

Be to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you.

He that is good at making excuses is seldom
good at anything else.

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION

1. Select from these proverbs:
 - a. One about "politeness"
 - b. Two about "good deeds"
 - c. One about "faithfulness"

d. One about being “kind and true”

e. One about “making excuses”

2. Can you make up a story in which you will use any one of these proverbs?
3. Pick three proverbs that you like very much. Learn them and recite them from memory.

PROSE SELECTIONS FOR MEMO- RIZATION

1. Every boy and every girl should know the "Pledge of Allegiance" by heart.
2. From the remaining selections pick out two which you understand and like. Learn them by heart.

PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE

I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands, one Nation, indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for all.

The best thing to give to your mother is conduct that will make her proud of you.

Arthur James Balfour

Keep yourself clean and bright; you are the window through which you must see the world.

I do not think much of a man who is not wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

Abraham Lincoln

A single sunbeam is enough to drive away many shadows.

Perform a good deed, speak a kind word, bestow a pleasant smile, and you will receive the same in return. The happiness you bestow on others returns to bless yourself.

Except a living man there is nothing more wonderful than a book.

Charles Kingsley

An aim in life: To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for your presence.

Robert Louis Stevenson

Kindness is like the sun. Everywhere the kind man goes, he brings into being priceless things — golden sympathies, radiant faces, flowing and grateful hearts.

APPENDIX

CLASSIFIED LIST OF BOOKS FOR HOME READING

In the list of books given below you will find reading matter in which you will be interested. If these books are not in your school library, join a public library. You will surely get them there. You will find enjoyment and pleasure in reading in your leisure time.

FOLK AND FAIRY TALES

- Andersen, Hans Christian: *Fairy Tales*. McKay.
Baldwin, James: *Fairy Stories and Fables*. American Book.
Beston, Henry B.: *Firelight Fairy Book*. Little.
Bradish, S. P.: *Old Norse Stories*. American Book.
Brown, Abbie F.: *In the Days of Giants*. Houghton.
Browne, Frances: *Granny's Wonderful Chair*. Dutton.
Carryl, Charles E.: *Davy and the Goblin*. Houghton.
France, Anatole: *Bee, Princess of the Dwarfs*. Dutton.
France, Anatole: *Honey Bee*. Dodd.
Goldsmith, Oliver: *History of Little Goody Two Shoes*. Heath.
Griffith, Eleanor Glendover: *Cho-Cho, the Health Fairy*. Macmillan.
Lang, Andrew: *Princess on the Glass Hill*. Longmans.
Mabie, Hamilton Wright: *Fairy Tales Every Child Should Know*. Doubleday.
Mabie, Hamilton Wright: *Norse Stories*. Rand.
Macdonald, George: *Princess and the Goblin*. Lippincott.
Macdonald, George: *Princess and Curdie*. Lippincott.
Marie, Queen of Roumania: *Lost Princess*. Warne.
Martin, John (Editor): *The Children's Munchausen*. Houghton.
Mulock, Dinah M.: *Adventures of a Brownie*. Lippincott.
Olcott, Frances J.: *Wonder Tales from China Seas*. Longmans.
Potter, Beatrix: *Tailor of Gloucester*. Warne.
Richards, Laura E.: *Golden Windows*. Little.
Scudder, Horace E.: *Book of Fables and Folk Stories*. Houghton.
Stockton, Frank R.: *Ting-a-ling Tales*. Scribner.
Thackeray, William Makepeace: *Rose and the Ring*. Putnam.
Tuttle, Veryl Broughton: *Frightened Tree and Other Stories*. Frank-Maurice.
White, Stewart E.: *Magic Forest*. Macmillan.
Wiggin and Smith: *Fairy Ring*. Doubleday.
Wiggin and Smith: *Magic Casements*. Doubleday.

Wiggin and Smith: *Tales of Laughter*. Doubleday.
 Wilde, Oscar: *Happy Prince and Other Fairy Tales*. Putnam.

FABLES, MYTHS AND LEGENDS

Cooke, Flora J.: *Nature Myths and Stories*. Flanagan.
 Holbrook, Florence: *The Book of Nature Myths*. Houghton.
 Scudder, Horace E.: *The Book of Legends*. Houghton.
 Wiggin and Smith: *Talking Beasts*. Doubleday.
 Wilson, Gilbert L.: *Myths of the Red Children*. Ginn.

POETRY

De la Mare, Walter: *Peacock Pie*. Holt.
 Fyleman, Rose: *Fairies and Chimneys*. Doran.
 Fyleman, Rose: *Fairy Book*. Doran.
 Milne, A. A.: *When We Were Very Young*. Dutton.
 Roberts, Elizabeth Madox: *Under the Tree*. Viking Press.
 Wiggin and Smith: *Posy Ring*. Doubleday.

STORIES

Andrews, Jane: *Seven Little Sisters*. Ginn.
 Andrews, Jane: *Ten Boys Who Lived on the Road from Long Ago Till Now*. Ginn.
 Bacon, Dolores: *Pictures Every Child Should Know*. Grosset.
 Baldwin, James: *Fifty Famous Stories*. American Book.
 Barrie, Sir James M.: *Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens*. Scribner.
 Baum, L. Frank: *Wizard of Oz*. Bobbs-Merrill.
 Bayliss, Clara K.: *Treasury of Indian Tales*. Crowell.
 Beltramelli, Antonio: *Piccole Pomi*. Dutton.
 Brooks, Elbridge S.: *Story of Marco Polo*. Lothrop.
 Brown, Abbie F.: *The Lonesomest Doll*. Houghton.
 Brown, Abbie F.: *Under the Rowan Tree*. Houghton.
 Burnett, Frances Hodgson: *Editha's Burglar*. Various Editions.
 Burnett, Frances Hodgson: *Sara Crewe*. Scribner.
 Canfield, Dorothy: *What Shall We Do Now?* Stokes.
 Coe, Fanny E.: *Heroes of Every Day Life*. Ginn.
 Collodi, Carlo: *Pinocchio*. Houghton.
 Colum, Padraic: *Girl Who Sat by the Ashes*. Macmillan.
 Daudet, Alphonse: *Pope's Mule*. Macmillan.
 Dodd, Lee Wilson: *The Sly Giraffe*. Dutton.
 Dunlap, Hope: *The Pied Piper of Hamlin*. Rand.
 Eggleston, Edward: *Stories of Great Americans for Little Americans*. American Book.

- Fairstar, Mrs.: *Memoirs of a London Doll*. Macmillan.
 Gilson, Roy Rolfe: *In the Morning Glow*. Harper.
 Grant, Gordon: *Story of the Ship*. McLaughlin Bros.
 Harraden, Beatrice: *Things Will Take a Turn*. Scribner.
 Harris, Joel Chandler: *Little Mr. Thimblefinger*. Houghton.
 Harris, Joel Chandler: *Uncle Remus — His Songs and Sayings*. Appleton.
 Herben, Beatrice S.: *Jack O'Health and Peg O'Joy*. Scribner.
 Howells, William Dean: *Turkeys Turning the Tables*. Harper.
 Hunt, Clara W.: *About Harriet*. Houghton.
 Ives, Sarah N.: *Dog Heroes of Many Lands*. Century.
 Jackson, Helen Hunt: *Mammy Tittleback and Her Family*. Little.
 Kingsley, Charles: *Water Babies*. Macmillan.
 Kipling, Rudyard: *Just So Stories*. Doubleday. •
 Lipsky, A.: *Old Testament Heroes*. Frank-Maurice.
 Lofting, Hugh: *Story of Dr. Dolittle*. Stokes.
 Mace, W. H.: *Lincoln, Man of the People*. Rand.
 Molesworthy, Mrs.: *Carrots*. Macmillan.
 Molesworthy, Mrs.: *Cuckoo Clock and the Tapestry Room*. Macmillan.
 Monvel, Boutet de: *Susanna's Auction*. Macmillan.
 Moore, Anne Carroll: *Nicholas*. Putnam.
 Norton, Charles Eliot: *Heart of Oak Book*, Vol. III. Heath.
 Perkins, Lucy Fitch: *The Japanese Twins*. Houghton.
 Perkins, Lucy Fitch: *The Italian Twins*. Houghton.
 Perkins, Lucy Fitch: *The Swiss Twins*. Houghton.
 Pierson, Clara D.: *The Plucky Allens*. Dutton.
 Porter, B. C.: *Trudy and Timothy*. Penn.
 Pumphrey, Margaret B.: *Pilgrim Stories*. Rand.
 Pyle, Katharine and Porter, L. S.: *Theodora*. Little.
 Rowe, Dorothy: *Rabbit Lantern*. Macmillan.
 Sangster, Margaret E.: *Little Knights and Ladies*. Harper.
 Scudder, Horace E.: *The Children's Book*. Houghton.
 Skinner, Ada M.: *Dramatic Stories*. American Book.
 Snedden, G. S.: *Docas, the Indian Boy*. Heath.
 Spyri, Johanna: *Heidi*. Lippincott.
 Spyri, Johanna: *Jo, the Little Machinist*. Crowell.
 Spyri, Johanna: *Moni, the Goat Boy*. Lippincott.
 Tappan, Eva March: *American Hero Stories*. Houghton.
 Tee-Van, Helen D.: *Red Howling Monkey*. Macmillan.
 Wiggin, Kate Douglas: *Timothy's Quest*. Houghton.
 Zwilgmeyer, Dikken: *Johnny Blossom*. Lothrop.

DRAMATIZATIONS

- Bird and Starling: *Historical Plays for Children*. Macmillan.
- Dalkeith, Lena: *Little Plays*. Dutton.
- Harris, Frances Helen: *Eight Plays for the School*. Rutledge.
- Hollder and Stoughton: *Little Plays for Little People*. Hodder and Stoughton.
- Keyes, Angela M.: *When Mother Lets Us Play*. Dodd.
- Stevenson, Augusta: *Children's Classics in Dramatic Form*. Houghton.
- Stevenson, Augusta: *Dramatized Scenes from American History*. Houghton.
- Unknown: *First Flag and Other Patriotic Plays*. Educational.

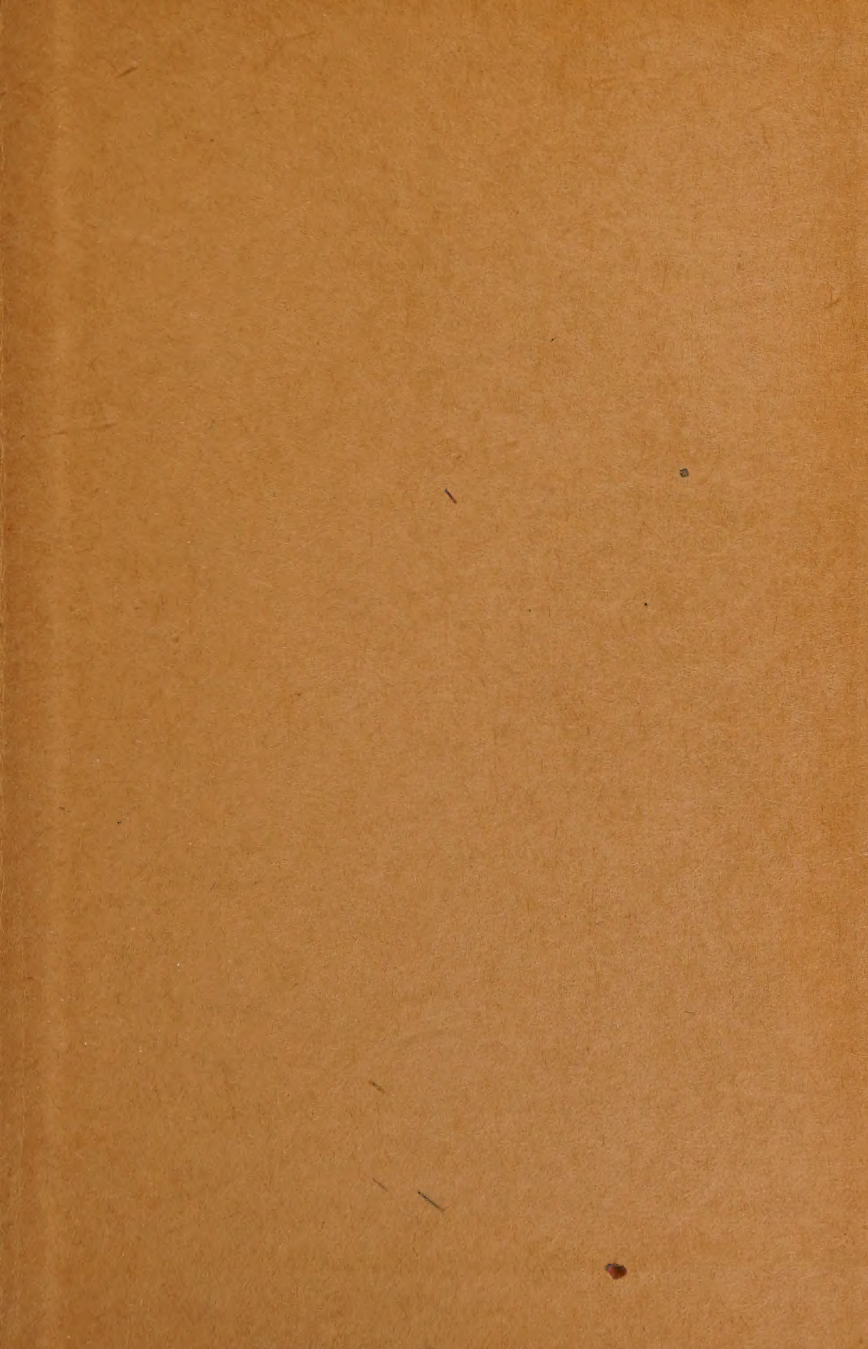
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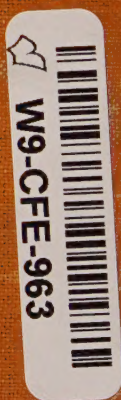
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